ATERGATE SPECIAL

Why Israel Had to Fight in Lebanon

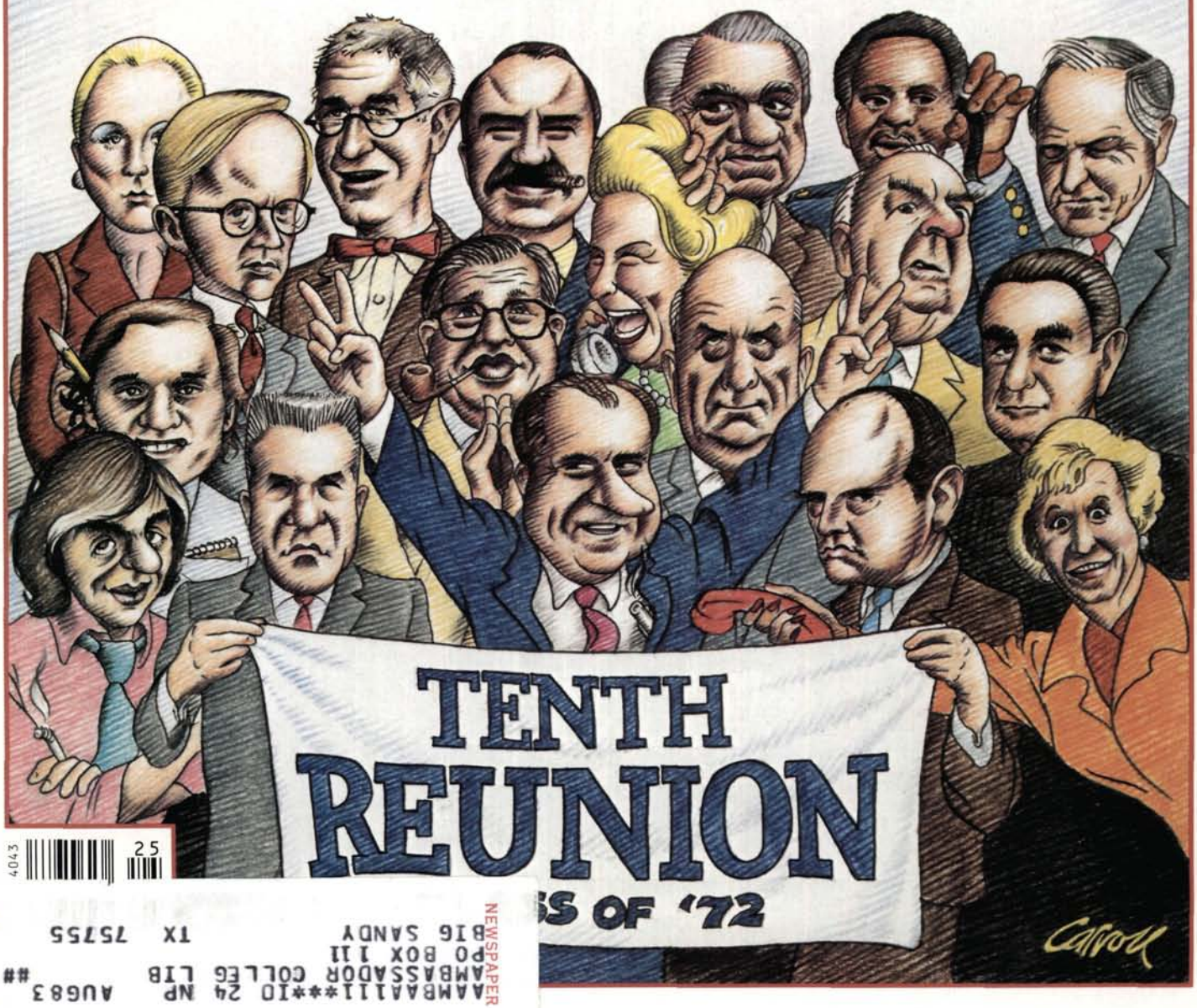
Luigi Barzini • Robert Brustein • John Clive

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Those Golden Watergate Years

A guide for the non-specialist, by Ron Rosenbaum

Nixon-hating reconsidered, by Nicholas von Hoffman



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Pruning the Paper Pile

There's a commercial on TV plugging the services of an air express company. It shows an office worker being swept along a corridor by an avalanche of paper as his co-workers duck into their cubicles to avoid being bowled over by the onrushing mass.

The commercial is intended to dramatize the problem of coping with the pileup of paper in a modern business office. (No small problem, we can aver.) Such an inundation, however, is as nothing compared to the load of paperwork the federal government heaps on businesses large and small, state and local governments, and everyday citizens — at substantial cost to all.

Forms, forms everywhere. Ah, but there's good news today. The paper pile is being pruned.

The battle against federal paperwork is being waged under terms of the Paperwork Reduction Act. The law was enacted during the Carter Administration and is now being implemented and enforced by the Reagan Administration. Spearheading the battle is the U.S. Office of Management and Budget. From the front lines along the Potomac, OMB reports ground gained.

Last year federal paperwork was slashed 13%, or by nearly 200 million of what OMB calls "burden hours" ... a "burden hour" being one hour's paperwork by one person. The cutback is equivalent to 95,000 work-years. It amounts to over one hour saved for every man and woman in the U.S., OMB notes.

The trimming reflects some good old-fashioned horse sense:

- a revision of program-logging rules for radio stations, the rules having been issued originally to monitor program content;
- adoption of a common medical claim form for use by Medicare, Medicaid, and insurance companies;
- cutting back to a single page a multi-page quarterly tax form issued by the Internal Revenue Service for use by employers;
- revising the requirements for truck drivers' daily logs and exempting certain drivers from the logging requirement.

With the consolidation of 57 federal grant programs into nine new block grants, the required paperwork will be reduced this year by 83%, or 5.4 million work hours.

Further cuts in paperwork will be tougher to make. That's because so much of it is linked to deeply entrenched procedures and programs. In some cases, new legislation will be required to ease the load.

OMB's paper-cutters are making heartening headway. Let's hope they'll carry on the fight against governmental paper flow with redoubled zeal.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

FOUNDED 1914 — ISSUE 3,519

WASHINGTON, D.C. — JUNE 23, 1982

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 186, Number 25, Issue 3,519, June 23, 1982. Published weekly (except the weeks of January 13, July 21, August 18, and September 22) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, $1.50; yearly subscriptions, $32; foreign, $39; students, $18. © 1982 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

President Abroad

London

Washington went abroad last week, and at times it seemed that misfortune was following President Reagan like a bird of prey through some of the most fabled settings of Europe. An account of the adventures could be titled, "While Reagan Slept," although he was a victim of poor staff work in the first incident and exhaustion in the second, and really had no control over events in Lebanon. All of these disrupted a trip which had been intended to build the President's stature overseas, and, in the process, earn a few points for statesmanship at home.

The trouble began after midnight on the first day of the economic summit of industrial democracies, which the Socialist government of France held, ironically, in the stately halls of Versailles, an eighteenth-century tribute to the grandeur of the Bourbon monarchy. Reagan may have gone to bed amidst such splendor comforted by the presence of many of his chief policymakers, but his isolation there resulted in a botched vote at the United Nations Security Council.

The responsibility ultimately rested with Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who just a few hours earlier had assured his British counterpart, Foreign Secretary Francis Pym, that the U.S. would stand with Great Britain in vetoing a ceasefire resolution. Haig was subsequently persuaded by a series of late-breaking communications with the State Department to instruct U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick to abstain. The word, relayed in a three-cushion carom shot from Haig to various State intermediaries to Kirkpatrick, who was operating in a time zone six hours removed from France, arrived, of course, too late. By that time, Secretary Haig had infuriated the British by informing them of the impending change in signals, and Kirkpatrick had made the world aware of the switch with her own announcement.

Reagan was informed of the problem the next morning in a meeting with his staff. But when he was asked by a reporter about the switch at a luncheon, he gave a vague response which indicated that he had not caught up with all the details. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britain was sitting sternly at the President's right, and she said she gave no interviews over lunch. Reagan would have done well to follow the same policy.

The British seized upon the confusion with glee. Government sources at the summit described the American action as "curious," and the Fleet Street tabloids, never strong on understatement, put Reagan on the defensive a day before his arrival in London with such screaming headlines as DOUBLE CROSS and BRITISH FURY OVER U.S. FOUL-UP.

Haig, for his part, gamely tried to minimize the issue when called upon to explain himself in the sweatbox of the American press headquarters at Versailles. Perspiring heavily, and hammered by questions, Haig said he could not understand the "fascination" with the U.N. vote. He said the incident should not be compared to the failure to wake up the President after last summer's dogfight between U.S. and Libyan warplanes, and finally, with a plaintive, "Come on fellows," appealed to the press to lay off.

The next day, Haig got his wish. The Israeli invasion of Lebanon pushed the U.N. controversy off the front pages, but it offered little solace to the American delegation. Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin quickly rejected Reagan's personal request to stop the fighting. Then Reagan was forced to sit by French President François Mitterrand's side at closing ceremonies as he condemned Israel on behalf of the participants at the summit, a position the United States was not ready to embrace. At the ceremony, Reagan appeared for just a moment to close his eyes and nap, which some sharp-eyed reporters took note of, even if the news cameras did not.

Administration officials busied themselves claiming that the Versailles summit represented a triumph for Reagan because he had been able to extract language from the other participants which pledges the industrial democracies to limit export credits for the Soviet Union. However, the wording was sufficiently ambiguous, as economic summit declarations usually are, to leave it to each country to impose its own limits. Indeed, the eight-year history of these summits is filled with contrived conflict followed by contrived resolution. This expensive show is designed to keep the hundreds of reporters who follow the events from falling asleep themselves. This year the Dexedrine was East-West trade. The issue was finally addressed in a manner which gave all sides enough room to hail their own negotiating positions.

The next day, during a brief stopover in Rome, Reagan was cruelly caught by television cameras nodding and struggling to stay awake during an audience with Pope John Paul II at the Vatican. It was an excruciating experience to watch the live telecast on Italian television. It looked as though the President might at any moment pitch to the floor at the feet of the Pope and the seven Cardinals arrayed in a row behind him. Later the same day, Reagan was seen nodding again during a toast by President Sandro Pertini of Italy at another luncheon.

Much was made of the naps—we may soon be hearing about the "nap gap"—but in fairness to Reagan, he was forced to maintain a schedule which would have tired younger men, and his hours were certainly more arduous than those he normally keeps at the White House. By day he had official meetings with other heads of state, and by night he was kept up late with formal dinners and fireworks displays when he could have only yearned for macaroni and cheese and an early bedtime. With most of it conducted under the glare of television and public inspection, and in oppressive and unusual heat for this time of year in Europe, there was no surcease for the President. As the trip neared its end, Reagan must have been longing for the simpler furies that confront him at home.

Richard Strout, the regular author of TRB, is on vacation for three months. This column is by Curtis Wilkie of the *Boston Globe*'s Washington bureau.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 23, 1982

LEBANON CAN NOW BE LEBANON

What has been called the Israeli invasion of Lebanon is, in reality, the latest round in the war between the PLO and Israel. It is being fought not against but in Lebanon, the ground chosen by the PLO. But this round is being fought on Israel's terms—between armed soldiers. The PLO prefers to conduct the war on other terms: placing bombs in buses and schoolhouses, launching rockets over the heads of U.N. peacekeeping troops into the villages of northern Israel, shooting unarmed Israeli diplomats. However much the PLO may be dismayed at the prospect of facing Israeli soldiers rather than civilians, it has never been equivocal about the fact that its principal vocation is war with Israel. Although there are Palestinians with a vision of coexistence with Israel, the PLO declares its goal to be the "extermination" of Israel "economically, politically, militarily, culturally, and ideologically." It goes further. It treats Palestinians who speak of coexistence as traitors, and has a long record of assassinations to prove it. (Indeed, one of the reasons it has been hard to find West Bank Palestinians willing to join the autonomy talks is that they know to do so risks death at the hands of the PLO. The PLO recently gunned down two Palestinian moderates, father and son, on the West Bank.)

Since the PLO grievance with Israel is Israel's existence, it is hardly surprising that the relationship between the two is one of conflict. Not so the relationship between Israel and Lebanon. Until the arrival of the PLO in the south, Lebanon had been living in de facto peace with Israel for more than twenty years. Israel has never had any designs on Lebanese territory. Lebanon stayed out of all the wars between Israel and the Arab states after 1948, and Israel respected the frontier. In the 1967 war, for example, Lebanon was the only Israeli neighbor that did not attack, and, although Lebanon is by far the weakest neighboring state, Israel repaid Lebanon's peaceful intentions by not firing a shot across the border.

All that changed in the early 1970s, when the PLO, which was then based in Jordan, tried to overthrow King Hussein. Hussein launched a bloody war against the PLO in 1970 and drove it out of Jordan. ("Black September," the terrorist group named in memory of that war, avenged Hussein's 1970 massacre of four thousand Palestinians by murdering Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics in 1972.) The PLO then reestablished itself in southern Lebanon, where it joined forces with dissident Lebanese Moslems to overthrow the delicate constitutional arrangements under which Lebanese Moslems and Christians had coexisted for almost forty years. The result was another bloody civil war, this time in Lebanon. In 1975 and 1976 alone, this civil war killed more than fifty thousand people. With the total breakdown of central governmental authority, Syria moved in with twenty-five thousand troops and the PLO took control of the south, which borders on Israel. It is from the south that the PLO conducted its war against Israel, a war not only over the West Bank or Jerusalem, but over Tel Aviv and, more immediately, over Israel's northern Galilee. For seven years, the PLO launched raids, rockets, and long-range artillery into the Galilee. Last week Israel decided to put an end to those attacks once and for all.

The Israeli attack on PLO bases in southern Lebanon was not retaliation for the attack on Ambassador Shlomo Argov in London. Nor was it, as Italian President Sandro Pertini grotesquely suggested, "tribal justice." It was a military operation designed to guarantee the safety of Israel's northern population against PLO attack by pushing the PLO and its guns out of range of northern Israel. Israel tried to accomplish this once before. In 1978 it launched a similar incursion into Lebanon. But it was forced to retreat under heavy American pressure, and its troops were replaced by a weak, porous U.N. force which allowed the PLO to reestablish bases from which it infiltrated and launched rocket attacks against Israel.

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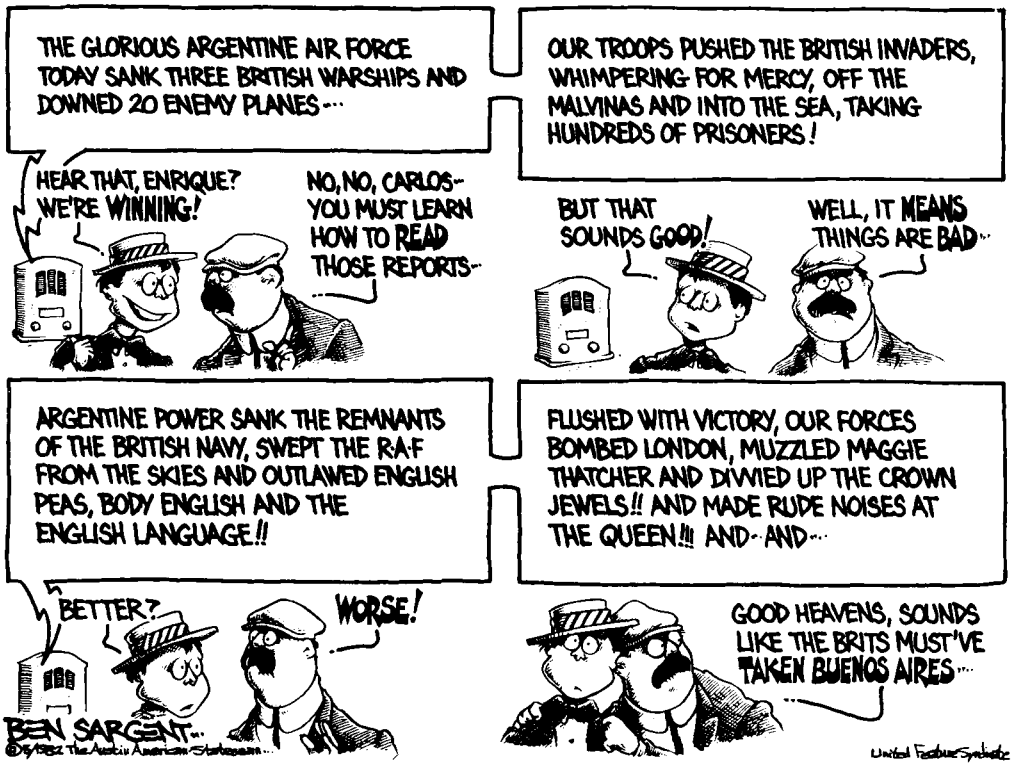
A year ago the Reagan Administration tried to paper over the conflict with a ceasefire arranged by Ambassador Philip Habib. Under cover of that ceasefire, the PLO continued infiltration across other borders (the Israelis recently captured a three-man terrorist squad crossing from Jordan into Israel) and indiscriminate attacks on civilians in Israel and diplomats and prominent Jews in Europe. The PLO also used the ceasefire to transform itself from a guerrilla force into a modern army. It poured tons of heavy equipment into its bases in southern Lebanon, equipping them with Soviet-made tanks and heavy mobile rocket launchers and artillery. When Israel did launch an air strike last Friday (*that* was retaliation for the shooting of its ambassador to England), the PLO responded with a barrage of rockets and artillery that blanketed the Galilee from the Mediterranean to the Syrian border. As a result, in the words of *New York Times* correspondent David K. Shipler, "life has disintegrated" in northern Israel. No country charged with defending its citizens could allow such a situation to endure.

As we write, the Israeli attack is a military success. It is pushing the PLO beyond artillery range of Israel. It will also succeed in destroying the military infrastructure of the PLO, at least for years to come. No one pretends that it will mean the end of the PLO or the end of the PLO-Israel war. That will come only when the PLO either achieves a victory (the liquidation of Israel) or transforms itself into a body seeking accommodation with Israel. But Israel's action against the PLO—at a terribly high price not only to combatants but also to civilians caught in the crossfire—does dramatically change the constellation of forces in Lebanon. It thus offers a unique opportunity to put Lebanon back together again, and, in the process, to enhance the security of America's allies in the region.

Unless, that is, this unique opportunity is undone by American diplomacy. Judging from the questions that appear to be uppermost in official minds, there is reason to be apprehensive. The current touchstone appears to be the arcane question of whether Israel's use of U.S.-made weapons in Lebanon was defensive or offensive: if offensive, then the U.S. is obliged, it is said, to take some sanctions against Israel. We believe that any fair reading of the history of the PLO's self-declared war of attrition against Israel leads to the conclusion that Israel's actions were defensive. But the real question facing the U.S. in this rapidly changing situation is not whether Israel's actions meet certain definitions of legality, but whether they help bring about what the U.S. seeks in the area: sovereignty for Lebanon, security for America's allies, and peace.

One wonders if some senior Administration policymakers are even asking themselves these questions. The reflexive approach at the State Department appears to be that the purpose of diplomacy is to restore whatever status quo existed yesterday—even if it led directly to war. The current U.N. resolution, calling for unconditional Israeli withdrawal, neatly embodies this wisdom, and that resolution enjoys the acquiescence of the Reagan Administration. However, to their credit, President Reagan and Secretary of State Haig appear to be giving the resolution only lip service. And for good reason. America has two overriding interests in Lebanon: first, to bring about a reconstitution of Lebanon as it was before the PLO and Syrian invasions; and, second, to reduce the influence of the PLO, which has consistently sought to wreck the major U.S. achievement in the Middle East—the Camp David accords—and to destabilize conservative Arab regimes and potential allies like Egypt, Jordan, and the Gulf states.


THE GLORIOUS ARGENTINE AIR FORCE TODAY SANK THREE BRITISH WARSHIPS AND DOWNED 20 ENEMY PLANES···
OUR TROOPS PUSHED THE BRITISH INVADERS, WHIMPERING FOR MERCY, OFF THE MALVINAS AND INTO THE SEA, TAKING HUNDREDS OF PRISONERS!
HEAR THAT, ENRIQUE? WE'RE WINNING!
NO, NO, CARLOS-- YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO READ THOSE REPORTS··
BUT THAT SOUNDS GOOD!
WELL, IT MEANS THINGS ARE BAD··
ARGENTINE POWER SANK THE REMNANTS OF THE BRITISH NAVY, SWEPT THE R.A.F FROM THE SKIES AND OUTLAWED ENGLISH PEAS, BODY ENGLISH AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE!!
FLUSHED WITH VICTORY, OUR FORCES BOMBED LONDON, MUZZLED MAGGIE THATCHER AND DIVVIED UP THE CROWN JEWELS!! AND MADE RUDE NOISES AT THE QUEEN!!! AND··AND···
BETTER?
WORSE!
GOOD HEAVENS, SOUNDS LIKE THE BRITS MUST'VE TAKEN BUENOS AIRES···
BEN SARGENT··
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CARTOON BY BEN SARGENT

A prerequisite for the return of sovereignty to Lebanon and tranquility to its people is the removal of *all* foreign armed forces—Syrian, PLO, and Israeli—from its soil, and an accom-

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modation between the indigenous Christian and Moslem populations. That was impossible before the Israeli action of last week. But it is possible now. One does not have to ignore the terrible suffering caused by war to recognize that it can sometimes create the conditions for peace, as the 1967 and 1973 wars did for Egypt and Israel. Israel now holds an important bargaining chip: southern Lebanon. It should be required to offer it in exchange for a mutual withdrawal of all foreign forces and the restoration of Lebanon to the Lebanese. That would be the boldest solution, and it would best serve both the U.S. and the long-suffering Lebanese. The worst possible U.S. diplomacy, and the one that would make this Lebanese reconstruction impossible, would be to force Israel back to its borders unconditionally. Such a move would also squander the other assets that Israel has acquired at high cost in bloody fighting: an end to the war of attrition across the Israeli-Lebanese border and a significant reduction of PLO influence, not only in Lebanon but throughout the Middle East.

THOSE WHO COMPLAIN about the alleged damage Israel's actions have done to American interests in the area overlook the threat that the PLO and Syria pose to the United States and to its Arab friends in the region. This threat is, indeed, the only way to understand what Radio Lebanon called "the stunning silence" of moderate Arab states regarding Israel's action in Lebanon. These moderate states, from Egypt to Oman, despite perfunctory and mild chastisement of Israel, are quietly satisfied with Israel's actions. They fear PLO subversion, which they have attempted to buy off with lip service and tribute in the past. President Mubarak of Egypt cannot forget PLO and Syrian rejoicing at the murder of his predecessor; King Hussein of Jordan cannot forget that the PLO tried to overthrow him in 1970, with Syrian help; and Prince Fahd of Saudi Arabia cannot forget that the PLO and Syria, in conjunction with other rejectionist states, torpedoed his much-vaunted peace plan at the Fez summit in Morocco.

Also, the PLO, the Syrians, and the other rejectionists have supported Iran in its war with Iraq. Iran is now winning, and has issued ominous threats to Saudi Arabia and the other oil states who backed Iraq. These states, no models of stability to start with, can only be relieved to see Syria and the PLO discomfited and Iran distracted from its drive in the Persian Gulf. Thus, it should come as no surprise that the Arab states most friendly to the U.S. have been quiet about Israel's action. Yet senior White House officials leaked to CBS News that they were "furious" over Israel's action, because it lessened the chances of peace in the Middle East. How? It weakens the PLO and Syria, bitter enemies of the Camp David accords. It reduces their ability to destabilize Mubarak and to blackmail Hussein and moderate Palestinians who might contemplate joining Camp David. And it ends a seven-year war of attrition which has been a constant source of tensions.

The U.S. has an opportunity to try for a comprehensive settlement in Lebanon. At a minimum, however, the U.S. objective should be the establishment of a southern Lebanon free of PLO influence. U.S. diplomacy should not exhaust its creative powers in devising linguistic formulas at the U.N. that are condemnatory enough to satisfy Arab sensibilities and conciliatory enough not to alienate Israel. Nor should there be attempts to repeat the 1981 "success" of Mr. Habib. The fact that influential Presidential aides like James Baker can characterize last year's Habib mission as a success is a measure of how muddled American thinking on Lebanon has become. Mr. Habib's mission was a failure from beginning to end. He was sent to the Middle East to remove Syrian missiles from Lebanon, and the ceasefire he negotiated did not remove them; it protected them. (Now Israel has destroyed them. The Syrians made this virtually inevitable early last week by adding to the six SAM antiaircraft batteries already in place twelve new ones. These threatened the entire Israeli military operation in Lebanon, and could have been a cover for a Syrian ground assault which Syrian troop movements into Lebanon seemed to presage.) During the ceasefire the PLO rearmed massively with heavy weapons; and in the end, of course, the ceasefire, having solved nothing, broke down completely. American diplomacy will not stand many such successes. On the other hand, if the U.S. is resolute in demanding that *all* foreign forces be withdrawn from Lebanon, it has the opportunity to turn this latest sad chapter in Lebanon's history into the beginning of its national reconstruction.

NOTEBOOK

□ IF YOU REMEMBER Helen Gahagan Douglas, then Watergate did not surprise you. Mrs. Douglas, who died in 1980, left an autobiography which has just been published by Doubleday. It contains a story about her 1950 senatorial campaign against Richard Nixon—who, like Mrs. Douglas herself, was then a member of California's Congressional delegation—that is heavy with Watergate echoes. The campaign is notorious for Nixonian scurrilities. He suggested, falsely, that Mrs. Douglas and her husband, the actor Melvyn Douglas, were Hollywood Reds, and anonymous telephone callers informed the voters that Melvyn Douglas was Jewish. There was even a "dirty tricks" squad, which, like its later avatar, worked the Democratic primaries. Sound familiar? Remember the dirty tricks played on Ed Muskie in New Hampshire in 1972? The bumper stickers reading "Vote for Ed Muskie or he will cry"?

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Mrs. Douglas was the victim of a similar dirty trick. She was speaking to students at the University of Southern California when some pranksters on a passing hay wagon threw water on her auditors. The wagon was full of young fools from two campus fraternities that included many Nixon supporters. Mrs. Douglas has personal testimony that a later Nixon aide directed the prank, and she thinks that the hayriders numbered such fraternity members as Donald Segretti, Gordon Strachan, Dwight Chapin, and Herbert Kalmbach. A curious footnote: Mrs. Douglas says that she was shocked when, years later, she discovered that among Nixon's campaign contributors was a Massachusetts Congressman named John F. Kennedy. By contrast, one of her strongest supporters was Ronald Reagan.

□ THE UNITED STATES CUSTOMS SERVICE has seized Belle, the world's greatest computer chess machine, according to a report in the June 7 *Washington Post*. It seems that Belle, who earned the world-champ title at a computer chess tournament in Linz, Austria in 1980, was about to make an unauthorized visit to the Soviet Union. Although Belle's strategic savvy is limited to the realm of medieval warfare on sixty-four black and white squares, the Commerce Department says she might be of some military use to the Soviets. Kenneth Thompson, the Bell Laboratories scientist who wants to take Belle to a Moscow chess exhibition, agrees. As he told the *Post*, if you were to drop Belle out of an airplane, "you might kill somebody."

□ CIGARS, PLEASE: A California woman has been successfully fertilized with the sperm of a man described as "an eminent mathematician," and has given birth to a healthy nine-pound daughter. The lady employed the services of the Repository for Germinal Choice, which was established in 1979 to house the precious bodily fluids of Nobel Prize winners and other "creative, intelligent people." There's some question, though, about whether the new arrival will be able to take full advantage of her presumed genetic head start as a mathematician. It seems she will be at a hormonal disadvantage, according to a report in a recent *New England Journal of Medicine* that links "spatial ability" to male hormones, or androgens. "Spatial ability" is supposedly what makes boys do better than girls in math class. We wish the baby well, but we can't suppress a certain pleasure in seeing her "eminent" father hoist on his own sociobiological petard.

□ GREAT MOMENTS IN FEDERALISM: According to a clipping sent to us by Roy F. Malahowski of Bakersfield, California, the *Sacramento Union* reports that the assistant director of human resources in Oregon sent a letter to Oregon's Indochinese refugees that read: "I am sorry to say that for many of you the best advice I can give you is to move to another state where your job prospects are better and where federal refugee program funding continues to be available to refugees who have been in the U.S. over one and a half years." Sound inhospitable? That's nothing compared to what Oregon's refugee hotline told the Indochinese to do. "If you want a job, go to Oklahoma City or Houston," the Oregonians advised, according to Marion Woods, director of the California Department of Social Services. "If you want to go to school or go on welfare, go to California." Woods says the hotline even offered to supply travel money. As Lily Tomlin once observed, we're all in this alone.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "By the time this issue of The New Republic reaches most of its readers, the Republican Convention will have come to an end. Mr. Hoover will have been triumphantly renominated by a group of delegates who dislike him as heartily as possible, and the campaign will have been launched on the general philosophy of 'don't change barrels while going over Niagara.' It is characteristic of American political life that in the midst of the most desperate economic cataclysm ever known, our dominant political issue at present should be whether men shall drink intoxicating liquors illegally, as at present, or under the approval of the law." (The Editors: "Republicans and Prohibition," June 22, 1932.)

Let's not abandon Germany.

YANKEE STAY HERE

Bonn

Despite the demonstrations you are seeing on American TV, it simply isn't true that Germany is turning "anti-American." And despite what William Safire writes in the *New York Times* and Irving Kristol in the *Wall Street Journal*, it also isn't true that Germany has gone "soft," is becoming neutralist, or is on the way to making separate deals with Moscow, possibly in return for reunification of the country. There is a chance that any or all of these developments could take place in the future if both sides are determined to ruin their relationship. The alliance could crack. But all polls show that popular support among Germans for the U.S. and NATO remains strong, and the Reagan Administration's recent arms control initiatives and newfound verbal moderation have cheered the establishment and undercut the antinuclear opposition.

In advance of President Reagan's visit here for the NATO summit, a group of American reporters invited to Germany by the Friedrich Ebert Stiftung, the education arm of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Dem-

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ocratic Party, was repeatedly referred to a Gallup poll published in the March 15 international edition of *Newsweek* (but not in the U.S. edition) which showed that 73 percent of Germans hold "favorable" attitudes toward the U.S. (versus 45 percent in Britain and 55 percent in France). In the event of a Soviet attack, the poll showed, 74 percent of West Germans would want to fight back (versus 75 percent in Britain, and 48 percent in Italy). As the German peace movement prepared to turn out an estimated 100,000 people to demonstrate against President Reagan's visit, it was also reassuring to see the Christian Democratic Union, Schmidt's conservative opposition, turn out 150,000 burghers for pro-American rallies.

THIS IS NOT to say that strains and differences do not exist between the U.S. and Germany. For example, Poland's General Jaruzelski is viewed in America as a Quisling, a Soviet lackey. But on June 2, during a two-hour conversation with the American reporters' group, Schmidt sounded almost sympathetic toward the Polish ruler. "I know that Jaruzelski is not loved in the Kremlin," he said. "He is trying to serve his nation and he is in a tragedy of Greek proportions. To think that this is on orders from Moscow is to be misled. He believes he is acting in the interests of the Polish nation. He's not helping the Polish nation, but would a rebellion have led to a good result?"

Americans might have hoped that Solidarity could extract Poland from Moscow's grip. Germans knew the labor union could go only so far. We view the military takeover as a moral outrage, calling for punishment, or as a geopolitical opportunity requiring a squeeze on the East bloc. Germans, though, constantly refer to martial law as "a tragedy" demanding a humanitarian response. They have eliminated postage charges on parcels to Poland, and 30,000 CARE packages a day are being sent, plus untold truckloads from other sources, to private organizations and individuals. Schmidt told us that he and his wife are among those who send parcels—"even to some Communists." Ronald Reagan certainly doesn't.

The Germans differ with Americans on a whole range of East-West issues, and many North-South ones as well. Schmidt said he was "shocked" that the Reagan Administration tried to block Germany's natural gas pipeline to the Soviet Union, which the Germans view as an alternate energy source to OPEC. Unlike Reagan, Schmidt is not convinced that the Soviets have gained anything with their strategic missile build-up (except in Europe), and feels "no inferiority complex" about the East-West conventional balance. The Reagan Administration wants the allies to cut back on trade with Eastern Europe—and especially government-subsidized export credits—but Schmidt views this as an effort to "restrict free trade," which is difficult for a country whose GNP comes 30 percent from exports (vs. 8 percent in the U.S.).

Detente with the Soviet Union may be a dirty word in Washington, or at least a dead letter, but here it is almost a hallowed concept. From both establishment politicians and antiwar protesters, one frequently hears the argument that "if war breaks out, Germany will be the battlefield." The establishment favors a two-pronged approach to preventing war—"detente and defense"—while much of the peace movement wants to discourage Germany from the East-West conflict. But both groups demand *Entspannung* (relaxation of tensions) with the Soviets. A possible successor to Schmidt as SPD leader, Johannes Rau, said that "there is simply no alternative to detente for people who want not only to survive, but to live." Rau, a political moderate, is governor of North Rhine-Westphalia, Germany's largest state.

Schmidt and other leading establishment figures give solemn assurances that, as part of deterrence, Germany will agree to U.S. deployment of Pershing II and Cruise missiles if U.S.-Soviet negotiations on intermediate nuclear forces fail to produce an agreement by the fall of 1983. But these weapons are the main targets of the peace movement, which includes the left wing of the SPD. In the event of a Soviet stall in the INF talks, it's quite possible that the opposition could be joined by such major figures as former Chancellor Willy Brandt, chairman of the party, who would not commit himself on the issue when he met with the American reporters' group. It's thought that if the CDU came to power (an increasingly likely event in view of recent SPD state election losses) the peace movement might turn violent to block INF deployment. Even though they were a German idea in the first place, Pershing and Cruise missiles have become something of an American test of German solidarity with the alliance.

Gazing at these strains and differences gives one cause to believe the arguments of Safire, Kristol, and others that the U.S.-German connection is destined to break—that Germany is pulling away from the West, and trying to find a safe, neutral place for itself in the middle of Europe. This may be happening, but it is a sufficiently abhorrent prospect that Americans ought

COMING:
Charles Krauthammer on the Hinckley Defense.

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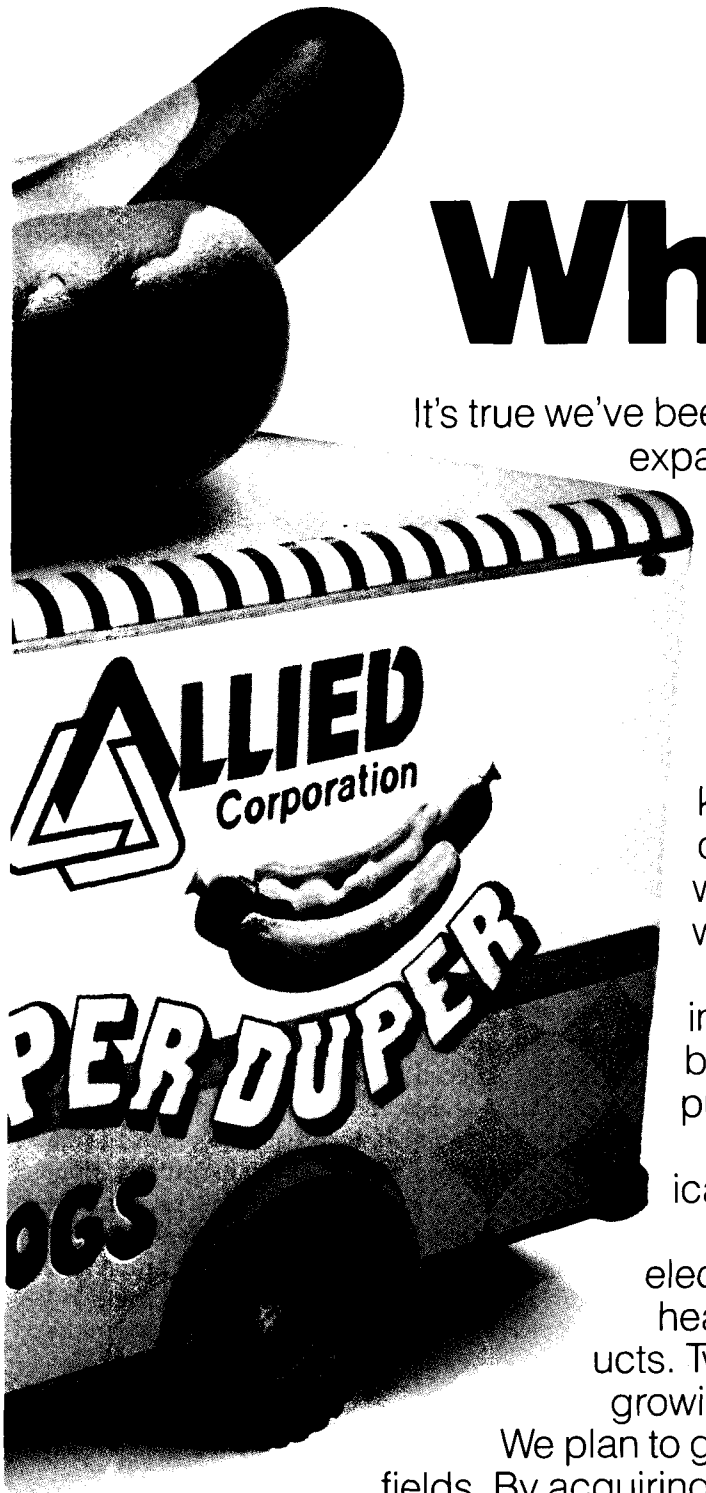

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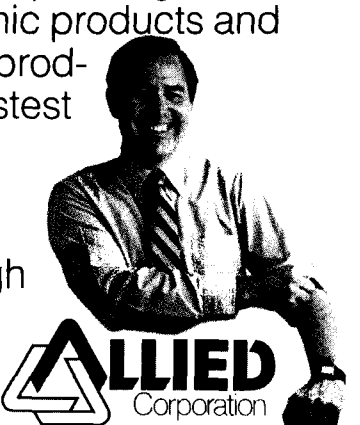

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to do everything possible to prevent it, rather than assume that it's inevitable and write Europe off.

The first step in holding the alliance together is understanding what's happening over here, which seems to be that two separate West Germanys have developed: one old and one young, and both scared. The *Newsweek*-Gallup poll showed solid German backing for the alliance, but more comprehensive U.S. government polling indicates an age chasm, with young people increasingly doubting the institutional arrangements built by their elders. The older generation fears that the comfortable status quo will collapse. Young people fear it may kill them.

Germans of Schmidt's generation (including Schmidt himself) believe profoundly in deterrence, the concept that a nuclear balance of terror prevents war. It has done so, they think, for thirty-five years. But the older generation seems not to have instructed its children in this view, and they reacted with horror when NATO decided to deploy 300 new missiles on German soil. Americans may think that Germans are going soft, or falling under Communist influence, when they oppose INF. But they are forgetting that the states of Nevada and Utah refused to play host to just 299 MX missiles in empty desert last year, while Germany, with 60 million people living in a country the size of New York State, already has 6,000 nuclear weapons on its territory.

Detente too is important for reasons Americans should try to understand. One need only visit the Friedrichstrasse subway station in East Berlin on a Sunday afternoon to begin. This is the spot where visiting West Germans are met, and hugged, by their trapped relatives in the East. Detente—in the form of the 1972 four-power agreement on Berlin—made it possible for these people to see each other, call each other on the telephone, and know that traffic in and out of West Berlin would not be halted. The Germans also are convinced that detente made possible Solidarity in Poland, economic relaxation in Hungary, and a profound anti-Marxist cynicism in East Germany. They want the process to inch forward, and possibly transform the East bloc over decades. They were afraid Solidarity would push too fast and produce a crackdown all over the East and blood in the streets of Poland. They also have been afraid the Reagan Administration would wage "economic warfare" with the East, leading to a resurgence of Stalinism. The more threatened the Soviets felt, according to the Germans, the more dangerous their reactions might be.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT of detente is viewed cynically in the U.S., with Europe accused of putting craven materialism ahead of anti-Communist principle. Yet, over here, it looks as though the U.S. is trying to fight its anti-Soviet war by using German workers as the troops. As Schmidt noted in the interview, the Soviet Union's greatest weakness lies in its inability to feed its people, yet the Reagan Administration refuses to curtail grain sales for fear of offending American farmers.

In spite of continuing differences, German leaders now seem confident that the Reagan Administration has decided to help the older generation of Germans mollify the younger. Even peace movement leaders concede that Reagan's November 18 "zero option" speech on INF, and his strategic arms speech at Eureka College last month, cut into support for the June 10 demonstrations protesting his visit here. Protestant church groups, especially, decided to forgo the event to give arms talks a chance to work. Continuing evidence of American good faith presumably can have a useful effect. The peace movement constitutes a fraction of the German population ("green" parties and alternative lists usually poll about 7 percent in local elections) and is unfocused about both ends and means. Shown attention and respect—and some results—Germany's young people presumably can be reconciled with their parents.

With attention and respect, too, it ought to be possible to reconcile U.S.-German differences. After all, Germany's vital interests—economic, cultural, and political—lie with the West. There is salon talk in Germany about alternative futures—neutrality, disarmament, and reunification—but these are widely understood to be unrealistic in any foreseeable future, if only because Moscow is unlikely to loosen its grip on East Germany. Meanwhile, there are anti-Americans in Germany, but there are not as many as it may appear. In fact, there are not many at all. It would be disastrous to allow misperceptions to create anti-Germanism in America.

MORTON KONDRACKE

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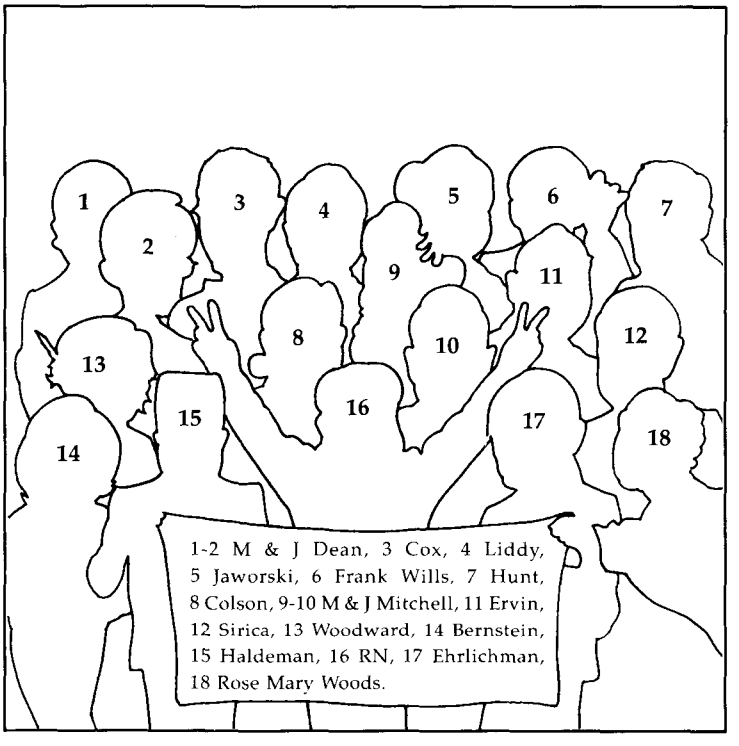
Ten years later, the buffs are still on the case.

AH, WATERGATE!

BY RON ROSENBAUM

"I AM AWARE," H. R. Haldeman writes, "that there is a cult of people in this country who collect every scrap of information about Watergate because of its many fascinating mysteries." He's more than aware: his memoir, *The Ends of Power*, is a seething nest of almost every conceivable scrap of Watergate conspiracy theory developed to date. The Democratic Trap Theory, the CIA Trap Theory, the Blackmail Demand Theory: you name it, H. R. Bob buys it. Indeed, the former chief of staff is nothing if not a buff himself, and he spices his book with tantalizing buff-to-buff hints for further investigation of the "fascinating mysteries." "I'll only pause to bring out one more fact about the $350,000," he teases, "this one for the Watergate buffs. . . ."


1-2 M & J Dean, 3 Cox, 4 Liddy, 5 Jaworski, 6 Frank Wills, 7 Hunt, 8 Colson, 9-10 M & J Mitchell, 11 Ervin, 12 Sirica, 13 Woodward, 14 Bernstein, 15 Haldeman, 16 RN, 17 Ehrlichman, 18 Rose Mary Woods.
DRAWING BY ALLEN CARROLL FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Although such recognition is welcome, the tone of the reference is regrettably uncharitable. By calling serious students of Watergate a "cult" of "buffs," he is, of course, lumping us with the much-abused "assassination buffs" and the aura of bad taste and futility that is associated with their efforts.

But there is a difference between these two domains of buffdom. Perhaps because—as Nixon partisans like to remind us—"nobody drowned at Watergate," the conjectures and conspiracy theories that have sprung up in its wake lack the taint of ghoulishness that has continued to plague grassy knoll theories, the most recent excrescence of which (David Lifton's *Best Evidence*) insists on conjuring up a gruesome postmortem surgical alteration of the fatal wounds to fit a favored bullet trajectory theory. Although certain Watergate theorists venture equally far into fantasy (I have in my Watergate collection a curious vanity press volume called *The Journal of Judith Beck Stein*, written by a former patient in the Chesnut Lodge sanitarium, which seems to allege that the entire Watergate conspiracy and cover-up was engineered to cheat her out of a legacy and silence her exposure of the banking system), the eyes of Watergate buffs tend to twinkle rather than stare. Ours is a civilized passion.

Who, then, are the Watergate buffs? Not, as you might expect, a coterie of Nixon-haters still savoring each delectable detail of his demise, "wallowing in Watergate," as the ex-President put it. No, many of the most relentless and dedicated Watergate buffs are pro-Nixon revisionists determined to prove that the whole episode was a dirty trick perpetrated upon, rather than by, Richard Nixon. (Reed Irvine's *Accuracy in Media* newsletter has tirelessly pursued the Democratic Trap Theory for seven years now.)

Some of us are reporters who were stationed in Washington for the thrilling Final Days, and have developed a lasting taste for the arcana, however tangential, of the case. I, for example, can claim credit for being the first to uncover both a prophetic mention of Watergate in the Bible and an anticipation of the

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Ron Rosenbaum wrote the "Wallowing in Watergate" column for the *Village Voice*, and later a novel, *Murder at Elaine's*, in which the mystery is resolved by the contents of the eighteen-minute tape gap. His latest book is *Rebirth of the Salesman: Tales of the Song & Dance '70s* (Delta).

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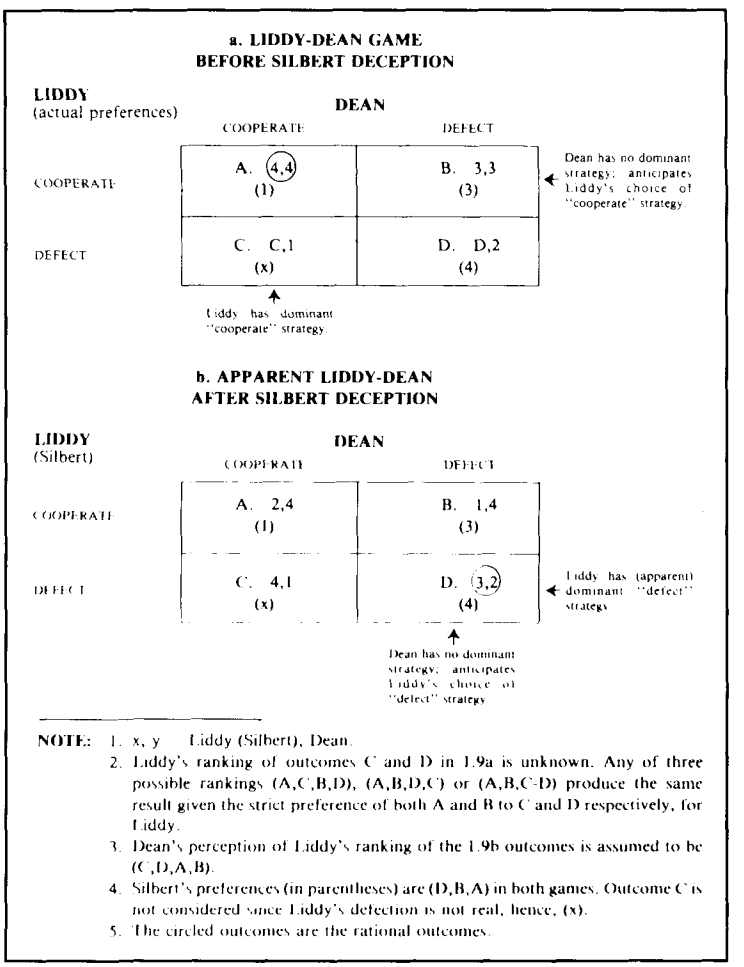
Plumbers Squad in the historical etymology of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. In the Book of Nehemiah (Ne:8:1) the people of Israel gather after their return from Babylonian exile to hear the prophet Ezra read the law of Moses to them for the first time since they regained their freedom. Where do they gather to hear the Word? At the entrance to Jerusalem known as "the Watergate." And the *O.E.D.* offers an eerie foreshadowing of the substance of the twentieth-century scandal in the eighteenth-century usage of the verb "watergate": *to void urine*. That is, in effect, *to leak*.

Though studies of this sort may seem inadmissibly mystical to some, there are hard-nosed investigators among the buffs as well: former prosecutors, Congressional staffers, politicians—even an ex-President, the greatest buff of them all. All are united by undiminished delight in the "fascinating mysteries" to which H. R. Bob refers. And in fact there *are* genuine gaps in our knowledge that are more extensive than anything any eighteen minutes of tape could supply. There are obvious questions (quick: who ordered the break-in?) and subtle ones (just what was missing from the "Bay of Pigs report" that Richard Helms finally turned over to Richard Nixon, and how did it shape the outcome of the CIA cover story fabricated in the famous "smoking gun" tape?). And there are more esoteric excursions into the ambiguities of the evidence. Did the White House tamper with the birth certificate of the alleged "love child" of George McGovern? Who was private eye Woolsten-Smith's source of information in The November Group? And what was the mysterious "red box" the President keeps harping on in his September 15, 1972, talk with John Dean? ("What is the situation on the little red box?" asks P. "Have they found the box yet?" Could this be a childhood toy—Nixon's Rosebud?) Finally, of course, there are the larger motivational questions: was the downfall of the President pure self-destruction, or was he undermined by subterranean power struggles which have yet to be fully analyzed? (See "How Nixon Got Strung Up," by Nicholas von Hoffman, page 24.)

Some buffs will stop at nothing in an effort to find some rational explanation for the actions of Richard Nixon. Consider the heroic efforts of Professor Douglas Muzzio, author of *Watergate Games*, an attempt to translate major Watergate turning points into mathematical game theory decision matrixes. Game theory proves, according to Muzzio, that far from acting as he did "because he was 'mad' or 'needed to fail,'" RN "acted rationally in response to events and actions by other Watergate players." Even if the professor's "payoff matrixes" and "decision trees" fall short of convincing us of that conclusion, he is an extraordinarily well-read buff, and his analysis of the other "Watergate players" is often illuminating. Take, for instance, the game theory rationale he constructs to rehabilitate the much maligned original Watergate prosecutor, Earl Silbert. Muzzio claims that a Silbert prosecutorial "ploy"—tricking Dean into believing Liddy was already talking—was the key to cracking the case. If you find that hard to believe, just study Professor Muzzio's chart of the game at left.


a. LIDDY-DEAN GAME
BEFORE SILBERT DECEPTION
LIDDY
(actual preferences)
DEAN
COOPERATE
DEFECT
COOPERATE
DEFECT
A. 4,4
(1)
B. 3,3
(3)
C. C,1
(x)
D. D,2
(4)
Dean has no dominant strategy; anticipates Liddy's choice of "cooperate" strategy.
Liddy has dominant "cooperate" strategy.
b. APPARENT LIDDY-DEAN
AFTER SILBERT DECEPTION
LIDDY
(Silbert)
DEAN
COOPERATE
DEFECT
COOPERATE
DEFECT
A. 2,4
(1)
B. 1,4
(3)
C. 4,1
(x)
D. 3,2
(4)
Liddy has (apparent) dominant "defect" strategy
Dean has no dominant strategy; anticipates Liddy's choice of "defect" strategy
NOTE:
1. x, y Liddy (Silbert), Dean.
2. Liddy's ranking of outcomes C and D in 1.9a is unknown. Any of three possible rankings (A,C,B,D), (A,B,D,C) or (A,B,C-D) produce the same result given the strict preference of both A and B to C and D respectively, for Liddy.
3. Dean's perception of Liddy's ranking of the 1.9b outcomes is assumed to be (C,D,A,B).
4. Silbert's preferences (in parentheses) are (D,B,A) in both games. Outcome C is not considered since Liddy's defection is not real, hence, (x).
5. The circled outcomes are the rational outcomes.

FROM 'WATERGATE GAMES' (NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1982)

While such reductionist efforts are good for a chuckle, the idea that all Watergate mysteries were "solved" by the smoking gun is no less laughable. In fact (and this is what raises Watergate cultists from buffdom to scholarship) there is still uncharted territory to be explored. With that in mind, let's take a brisk tenth anniversary wallow in the muddied fields of Watergate theory and survey the state of the art in the kingdoms of conjecture built by the buffs.

Foreknowledge Theory, in its many forms, has been a consistent growth area of buffdom over the past ten years—a steady performer compared to, say, Deep Throat Theory, which proceeds by fits and starts of guesswork. Foreknowledge Theory has blossomed into a major revisionist heresy. In its "Democratic Trap" variation, it's become a vehicle for the quest of

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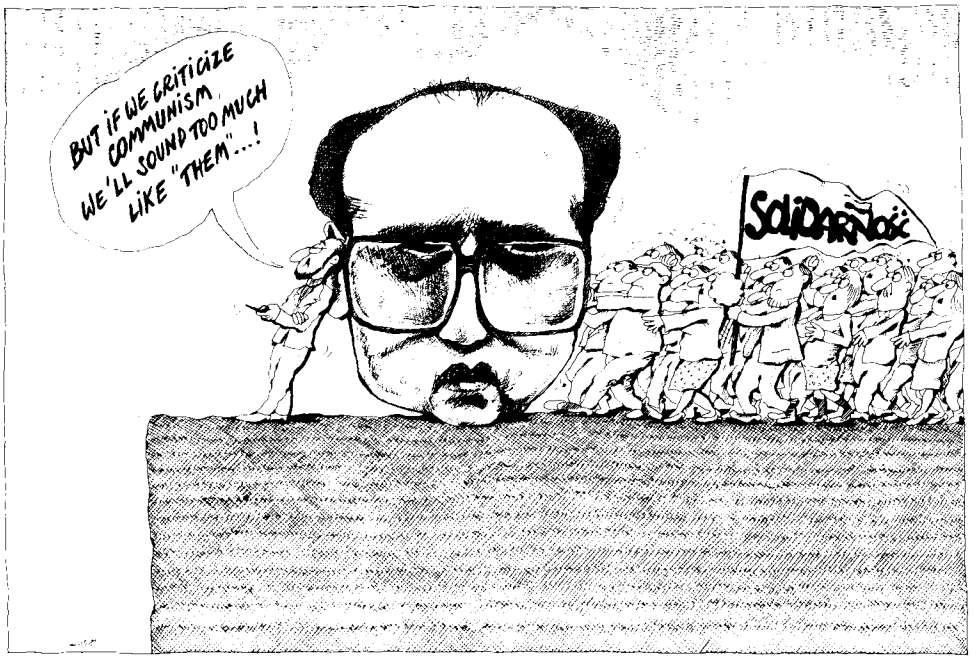
When Push Comes to Shove . . .



Which Side Are We on?

WE know one side of the story well. Business leaders expressed relief upon the imposition of a state of war in Poland; they hoped General Jaruzelski would "restore law and order." A leading American banker put it simply: "Who knows which political system works? All we care about is, can they pay their bills?"

The other side of the story is more disturbing.

Some liberals had more of a stake in criticizing Solidarity for "going too far" than in condemning the attempt to crush the most significant and broadly-based movement for freedom in the world today. They urged Americans and Poles to accept post-World War II "realities"—by which they meant everlasting Soviet domination in Eastern Europe.

Others on the democratic left rejected a strong anti-Communist stance as the province of reactionaries and conservatives. But Poland today, six months after the state of war was imposed, argues against these views. All rights are denied, the free trade movement has been forced underground, tens of thousands are interned or have received harsh sentences for violating the draconian state of war decrees, thousands have lost their jobs for refusing to sign declarations of loyalty. Yet, the Polish people struggle valiantly against their oppressors, united in the belief that Solidarity is their only hope.

The Reagan administration has shown that, despite its tough rhetoric, it does not have the will to stand up to Soviet imperial domination.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATS, USA believes that giving effective support to Solidarity and the Polish people must go beyond expressions of sympathy. Social democrats and liberals alike have a special responsibility to defend the working people of Poland in their struggle for human rights and dignity. The events in Poland challenge liberals and the democratic left in America to seriously re-evaluate their views on Communism and on how the West can support peaceful, democratic change within the Communist bloc.

We cannot remain silent while Western bankers provide the money with which the Soviet empire will buy the rope to hang us. We cannot remain silent while the Jaruzelski junta continues its attempt to destroy the Polish people's hope for a better Poland.

The time for silence is past.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATS, USA

Bayard Rustin, *National Chairman* — Rita Freedman, *Executive Director*

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die-hard Nixon loyalists for historical vindication. Trap Theory traces its origins to seven volumes of executive session testimony taken by Howard Baker's minority staff of the Senate Watergate committee. (The seven volumes, which have come to be known among foreknowledge buffs as "The Seven Volumes," are not to be confused with "The Baker Report," a separate minority staff investigation which, when reinvestigated by the Nedzi Committee of the House, developed into the CIA Foreknowledge Theory.) The Seven Volumes tell a provocative and fairly well-corroborated story of Watergate-eve intrigue among RN's enemies. The story begins with a British-born, New York-based private eye named A. J. Woolsten-Smith, who came to Kennedy Democrat William Haddad in April 1972 with what he said was reliable information that the Republicans had targeted a sophisticated spy operation against the Democratic National Committee. Haddad introduced Woolsten-Smith to Larry O'Brien's DNC deputy and to Jack Anderson. In conversations with them, specific tips about the Watergate target and the Cuban composition of the break-in team were passed along. It also happened that Jack Anderson was an old friend of Frank Sturgis and ran into him at National Airport the night before the break-in, just as Sturgis was arriving from Miami with the Cubans in order to make their second entry into O'Brien's office—the one that would end with their arrest and the beginning of Richard Nixon's fall.

AT THIS POINT, the foreknowledge scenario becomes more speculative. The man who led the cops into Watergate to arrest the burglars, one Officer Shoffler, is said to have signed up for an unusual second eight-hour tour of duty that night. Shoffler turns out to be the closest cop to the Watergate when the guard, Frank Wills, called police headquarters. An acquaintance of Officer Shoffler, one Edmund T. Chung, testifies that in a post-Watergate dinner conversation he got the "impression that Shoffler had advance knowledge of the break-in." According to the Trap Theory, the Democrats learned about the first, May 27, break-in and bugging after it was over and contrived a plan to lure the Committee to Reelect the President (CREEP) team back into Watergate on June 17, at which point they tipped off the cops. How did they lure them back in? With the malfunctioning bug on Larry O'Brien's phone. According to Reed Irvine, that bug "may not have died a natural death." In other words, the Democrats exterminated the bug to lure the CREEP repair team back to be trapped in the act.

Other possible tipsters to Officer Shoffler postulated by other variations of Foreknowledge Theory include Jack Anderson, the CIA, Howard Hughes's p.r. man Robert Bennett, or a double agent on the break-in team itself (usually identified as McCord). If all the people with alleged foreknowledge *had* actually decided to tip off the cops and trap the burglars, you'd think at least one of them would have been able to get through to Officer Shoffler. But Shoffler flatly denies being tipped off, and there is no smoking gun to contradict him. Foreknowledge Theory, in consequence, has bogged down in fanciful embellishments of the supposed Democratic (or CIA or Jack Anderson) conspiracy to trick Dick Nixon. For the most part, foreknowledge has degenerated into inconclusive foreplay.

ONE PERSON who hasn't given up on foreknowledge, however, is Richard Nixon. In *RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon*, a volume which is unquestionably the masterwork of Watergate buffery, RN claims that shortly before he resigned he became aware of "new information that the Democrats had prior knowledge and that the Hughes organization might be involved. . . . And there were stories of strange alliances" between his enemies and moles within the White House. It is easy to see the appeal of Foreknowledge Theory for Nixon. It's the embodiment of the darkest Nixonian fantasies: a hideous congeries of his hypocritical enemies use dirty tricks to lure him into essaying a dirty trick himself, then stumble over themselves in the shadows in their haste to call the cops.

In fact, the more you pursue Foreknowledge Theory, the more it begins to seem as if Richard Nixon was the only person in Washington who *didn't* know about the break-in ahead of time. Which brings us to a surprisingly stagnant and neglected subdivision of Foreknowledge Theory, the Richard Nixon Foreknowledge Question: did RN order the break-in or approve it in advance?

Of course, we have RN's word for it that he didn't. Moreover, RN claims that this has been *proved conclusively*. How so? The release of the White House edited transcripts back in 1974, he writes in *RN*, "proved conclusively that I had not known about the break-in in advance." In other words, because RN is not heard *confessing* to ordering the break-in on tape, because he denies it several times (when he knew he was being recorded), it's been proved that he didn't do it. RN frequently shores up this "proof" with copious citations from his "diary entries" immediately after the break-in. Time after time, it seems, he confided to his diary his total bewilderment at the strange and unexpected news that anyone would want to bug the Democratic National Committee.

Most Watergate investigators have been content to let RN by with this Big Surprise version of his reaction, there being no concrete evidence to the contrary. Neither the Ervin Committee, the Impeachment Committee, the Woodstein team, nor the Special Prosecutor's office had evidence or belief enough to conclude that RN knew in advance. The only Watergate observer to take an unequivocal *Guilty*! *Guilty*! *Guilty*! stand on Nixonian foreknowledge has been Mary McCarthy. Why so shy, the rest of them? Perhaps they

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WATERGATE THEORY & CONJECTURE

[A COMPENDIUM]

BIG BRIBE THEORY: The only explanation for the disproportion between the cover-up and the third-rate burglary is that RN was concealing—and still conceals—an even more brazen and corrupt act than any reported. RN's professed fear that LBJ bugged his '68 contacts with Dragon Lady Claire Chennault is a clue to the possibility that a big "gift" to RN by South Vietnamese diehards to encourage him to continue the war is the real "White House horror." (Renata Adler)

BIG CABAL THEORY: During "vacations" in South Florida in the 1940s and 1950s, RN became part of nexus of gamblers, gangsters, and Cuban casino interests that included Meyer Lansky, Howard Hughes, Bebe Rebozo, and the CIA. Watergate was fallout of falling out among these factions in aftermath of JFK and Castro assassination plots. (Howard Kohn)

BIG DEAL ON ROMAINE STREET THEORY: RN was obsessed by fear that defeated Hughes deputy Robert Maheu would feed damaging info about the Hughes loan and the secret Rebozo money channel to RN enemies such as Larry O'Brien. The damaging Hughes/Maheu documents which RN feared were stored in O'Brien's Watergate office or Hank Greenspun's Las Vegas safe were actually stashed in Hughes's old Romaine Street headquarters in L.A. Two months before RN resigned, burglars broke into the Romaine Street place. They stole a huge treasury of handwritten Hughes memos which has reportedly ended up in the hands of investigative reporter Michael Drosnin whose forthcoming book will reveal the material RN feared most. (Published reports)

CIA VENGEANCE THEORY: From the beginning of his first term RN had been pestering CIA Director Richard Helms to deliver the dirt implicating JFK in Castro assassination plots. Helms held out, threatening to expose RN's own role in Eisenhower planning for related plots. By the time RN fired Helms in 1973, the agency had already engineered his downfall by using its plants to expose "White House horrors" and sowing confusion with false blackmail demands. (Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Colson, RN, and others)

COLORED SHIRTS AT THE FBI THEORY: Rebellious deputies at FBI headquarters, angry at RN appointee Pat Gray for liberalizing Hoover's white-shirts-only formality, leaked Watergate details to the press to show RN Gray couldn't control the Bureau, hoping thereby to get Gray fired and replaced by a no-colored-shirt traditionalist. (Edward Jay Epstein)

GRASSY KNOLL CONNECTION THEORY: Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis were the "mystery tramps" photographed being arrested near the grassy knoll a few minutes after JFK was shot. (A. J. Weberman)

JAMES McCORD DOUBLE AGENT THEORY: The break-in and bugging were so thoroughly bungled it had to be deliberate. CIA loyalist McCord must have been acting under Company instructions to sabotage RN's intelligence operation and later, in post-arrest communications, kept the Company apprised of the cover-up. (Jim Hougan, Frank Sturgis)

OCCULT CURSE THEORY: Gordon Liddy won his spurs as law-and-order toughie by spying on and raiding Timothy Leary's Millbrook, N.Y., commune. Watergate is RN's punishment for cosmic bad karma incurred by bringing Liddy into the White House. (Timothy Leary)

REVENGE OF HO CHI MINH THEORY: Almost all the "White House horrors" can be traced to secret conduct of the war and secret persecution of war protestors such as Ellsberg. Immorality of the war led to immoral domestic actions exposed and punished by Watergate. (Tom Hayden)

SELF-PARDON THEORY: RN forced Ford's hand on the pardon by threatening to cause constitutional chaos with self-pardon power. On August 1, 1974, one week before resignation, Fred Buzhardt tells Haig (see *The Final Days*) that he's researched the question and the President has the power to pardon himself. RN writes out pardon and puts it in sealed envelope, then tells Haig if he gets guarantee of pardon from Ford he'll forget about self-pardon, resign, and go quietly. Otherwise, even if he's out of office, he'll produce envelope, revealing that while still President he pardoned himself *and everyone else in the Watergate case*. Checkmate. Ford accepts, agrees never to discuss the negotiation. (R. R.)

THE CAIN AND ABEL THEORY: Something more than a big bribe or conventional corruption is necessary to explain RN's guilt-ridden response to almost everything—including things of which he's not guilty. A shocking and disturbing suggestion about the "mysterious death" of RN's younger brother Arthur by RN biographer Fawn Brodie is her effort to explain it all. Brodie cites RN's changing recollections of the cause of young Arthur's death (when RN was just a lad). In one version, Arthur was struck by a rock "thrown by another boy," according to RN. Could the "other boy" be RN? Only evidence Brodie offers to support this are characteristic RN denials ("I am confident that if the rock throwing story is in fact true, it did not produce a fatal concussion and it had nothing to do with Arthur's death which was from tubercular meningitis," an RN spokesman told Brodie after consulting with RN). In addition, Brodie cites RN description of the devious nature of the Communist mind in *Six Crises*: "If we accuse X of having killed his mother, two brothers, and five friends, X's friends would shout back, 'That's a lie! X only wounded one brother.' The counterattack would be on, with attention diverted from the five friends and the other brother X had indeed, actually killed." (Haldeman's notes on what was said during the 18-minute gap cite RN calling for a "p.r. counterattack" and demanding "diversion." Could the gap contain the smoking gun on the Arthur case?)

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don't want to be perceived as knee-jerk Nixon-haters eager to believe the worst about RN. Perhaps everyone is still waiting for another smoking gun to surface.

Well, another smoking gun *has* surfaced, it just hasn't been obtained yet. I came across a clue to its existence and whereabouts in Haldeman's book. If Haldeman is to be believed, the decisive testimony on the RN Foreknowledge Question may be on tape—but not a White House tape. Haldeman writes that he learned of this potentially explosive tape from Ken Clawson, the former *Washington Post* reporter who'd become an aide to Chuck Colson and later was promoted by RN to head the White House p.r. operation during the Final Days. According to Haldeman, an anguished, conscience-stricken Clawson came to him in May 1973, shortly after the chief of staff was forced to resign by RN, and told him: "Chuck Colson is blackmailing Nixon. He's got Nixon on the floor. Nixon didn't know that Colson was taping all of his telephone calls with Nixon *before and after* Watergate happened. He's got on tape just what Nixon said all through the whole Watergate mess."

Now, the novelty of this putative evidence is not in the blackmail revelation (everyone in the White House was blackmailing everyone else by that time), nor is it in the fact there are tapes of Colson and RN. It is that, unlike the thousands of pages of White House tapes we already have, RN *did not know his Colson calls were being taped*. He made four calls to Colson from Key Biscayne in the twenty-four hours after he learned about the break-in arrests: nearly two hours of talk with Colson would be on these Colson tapes, but not on the White House tapes. RN tells us that, according to his "diary," Watergate was not discussed in those four calls. He and Colson talked about George Meany. About the polls. About the press. He just can't recall anything about Watergate. "Watergate," RN writes, "was the furthest thing from my mind."

If Colson did make tapes of those calls, and if he didn't destroy them as a relic of his sinful past when he got religion, then it's safe to assume they're stashed in a Colson-controlled safe deposit box somewhere. The contents of that safe deposit box would probably prove in his own words whether RN had that all-important foreknowledge, and how actively and immediately he collaborated in the subsequent cover-up. It would change our entire understanding of the internal dynamics of the collapse of a government.

AMONG THE DELIGHTS of buffdom are the unexpected discoveries one makes about apparently unrelated Watergate mysteries while tracing a single strand of the tangled web. And so it was that, while pursuing the question of Clawson's motives in telling the Colson blackmail story, I came across a surprising Clawson reference in *All the President's Men* which seemed to clinch the case for Clawson as the elusive Deep Throat. To all but the most deeply versed initiates of Deep Throat mysteries, the passage was an innocuous bit of background on Clawson: "Wallace had been shot by Bremer about 4 p.m.," Woodward and Bernstein write. "By 6:30 a *Post* editor had learned the name of the would-be assassin from White House official Ken Clawson."

This sent me searching madly for *Washington Post* (and Woodstein) editor Barry Sussman's book *The Great Cover-up*, where, I recalled, Sussman provides the only intra-*Post* clue to Deep Throat's identity. I found it. It looked like the clincher at last: "On May 15, 1972, hours after George Wallace was shot," Sussman writes, "we at the *Post* had not learned the name of the man who shot the Alabama governor. Woodward mentioned to me that he had 'a friend' who might be able to help. As we began to get into the Watergate scandal, 'my friend' as Woodward called him, came to play a mysterious, a crucial role. Over the months, 'Bob's friend' became more and more important to us and Howard Simons gave him a new name: 'Deep Throat.' "

IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I'd cracked the Throat case: Clawson was the guy who got Bremer's name for a *Post* editor. Woodward's editor says the source from whom Woodward got Bremer's name for the *Post* later became known as Deep Throat. In the movie version of *All the President's Men*, which was made in close consultation with Woodward, Robert Redford appeals to Deep Throat by reminding him, "You helped me out on the Wallace thing."

I was ready to tell the other Deep Throat theorists to close up shop. But I still had just enough doubt—Clawson had a reputation as an unusually rabid Nixon loyalist—that I decided to violate a cardinal rule of buffdom: I made some phone calls. (Buffs, unlike mere reporters, do not make phone calls except to other buffs. They are content with the pleasures of the text, the wealth of resonances already in the literature.)

When I tried to track down Clawson through fellow RN loyalist Victor Lasky (author of *It Didn't Start With Watergate*), I learned that Clawson had fallen ill several years ago and Lasky had lost contact with him. Lasky thought my clue intriguing but had his doubts about Clawson as Throat. "He was one of the last ones to go down in the bunker," Lasky told me. "He was defending the Old Man right down to the last minute. It makes no sense to me—*unless he was putting on the act of acts. . . .* " (My emphasis.)

At the *Post*, Barry Sussman confirmed that Woodward had turned to his "friend" for help with the Bremer name, but wouldn't say for sure that "Bob's friend" had actually been the one to *succeed* in getting the Wallace suspect's name—in other words, Deep Friend wasn't necessarily Clawson.

What about the line in the movie: "You helped me with Wallace"? Sussman thought that the director of the movie, Alan J. Pakula, might have gotten that

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detail from Sussman's own book rather than from Woodward. Or that he might have been wrong about the Bremer source being one and the same as Deep Throat. Sussman didn't like the Clawson theory at all. Of course, Sussman would not *want* it to be true, wouldn't want the clinching clue to have come from a slight detail he inadvertently let slip in his book. He did tell me that the only other person who had ever delved deeply enough to ask him about the relationship between the Bremer passage in his book and the Wallace line in the movie was John Dean. Dean has been a long-time Deep Throat buff, Sussman said, and in fact had called him recently to speculate about a new suspect.

"Oh, I know, Dean's candidate is Dave Gergen," I said smugly, recalling that Dean's ghostwriter, Taylor Branch, had written about Dean's Gergen theory back in November 1976. Not anymore, Sussman told me: Dean has switched suspects, but not directly from Gergen. There was another intermediary suspect before he settled on his brand-new tenth anniversary Throat candidate. (Sussman didn't tell me either one.) I sympathize with Dean. Before I came upon the Clawson clue, I'd been working the Henry Peterson angle, and I'd never *really* given up my lingering Leonard Garment and Seymour Glanzer suspicions. It was comforting to know that Dean too suffered from similar Throat-switching tendencies. It seems that after ten years his wily ex-antagonist is destined to continue to elude definite detection.

SOME SUGGEST that after ten years the real mystery of Deep Throat is his continued silence. "If he's such a big national hero, why doesn't he step forward and claim all the credit?" Victor Lasky asks. "I'll tell you why," Victor Lasky answers. "Because there is no Deep Throat." One possible explanation for the silence of Throat—and it does lend support to the Henry Petersen theory—is that if Throat were, like Petersen or Glanzer, part of the Justice Department prosecutorial team, the disclosure of his identify might give all the Watergate felons cause to petition for a reversal of the verdicts on the grounds of prosecutorial misconduct. Who knows, they might have to restage all the big Watergate trials. As John Dean said, "What an exciting prospect."

In defense of the non-dottiness of Deep Throat speculation, let me point out that Watergate and its aftermath was a subterranean war of leaks, of attempts by one faction or another to divert press and prosecutorial attention to rival power centers. Several significant civil wars within the White House and within the bureaucracies and agencies acted themselves out in deep background attacks. Deep Throat might have been a conscience-stricken loner seeking absolution in underground garage confessionals. But he also might have been a cynical game-player trying to use the *Washington Post* for some factional gain. Without knowing his identity, our understanding of Watergate history will be incomplete, although I have a feeling we all prefer the continuing mystery to the inevitable disappointments of certainty.

RN certainly does not consider Deep Throat speculation an idle question. He's as big a buff as anyone on the subject. Haldeman gives us fascinating glimpses of RN and his ex-chief of staff batting around Deep Throat theories in buff-to-buff chats. According to Haldeman, RN's personal Deep Throat candidate is Robert Bennett, the Hughes p.r. man who was Howard Hunt's boss in a p.r. firm that also served as a CIA cover. According to Bennett's CIA case officer (cited in the Nedzi Committee hearings), Bennett boasted that he was feeding Bob Woodward information and that Woodward was "suitably grateful," a quote which has become the basis for entire Robert Bennett theories of Watergate, some of them spread by Chuck Colson and all of them misguided.

As a buff, however, I find it troubling to see fellow buff RN mired in the dark ages of Deep Throat speculation. All serious analysts of the question have long since abandoned the Bennett-as-Throat hypothesis. Bennett was a source for Woodward, but a source he acknowledges on the record in *All The President's Men*. In fact, J. Anthony Lukas, who boomed Bennett big in a *New York Times Magazine* article, abandoned him and switched to lukewarm endorsement of Mark Felt (Edward Jay Epstein's candidate), the Deputy FBI director who was feuding with RN's pet, Pat Gray.

Haldeman's own candidate is Fred Fielding, the former John Dean deputy who now serves President Reagan as White House counsel in charge of ethical questions. There's a wonderful description of ethics counsel Fielding in John Dean's book which depicts the future arbiter of integrity drawing on "rectal gloves" in order not to leave fingerprints on the potentially incriminating contents of Howard Hunt's safe. Fielding, by the way, is one of three key Deep Throat candidates in powerful positions in the Reagan high command. He and the others (communications director Dave Gergen, John Dean's one-time choice, and Alexander Haig, a frequently mentioned contender) will be suitably grateful, I hope, now that my Ken Clawson solution has gotten them off the hook.

OF COURSE, no survey of buffdom is complete without an appreciation of the achievements of *RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon*. Only fellow buffs can appreciate the indomitable, never-say-die spirit of buffery in this work. If the White House transcripts are the Bible for buffs, *RN* may be considered the Gnostic Gospels, the great heretical reinterpretation of the central sacred texts. One thinks of comparable heroic acts of real misinterpretation—William Blake's notion that Milton's Satan is the true hero of *Paradise Lost* comes to mind.

But for the most precise literary antecedent to *RN*,

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we must consider nothing less than Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire*; for the best parts of *RN*, like Nabokov's novel, take the form of an obsessive, elaborate explication of an established text. In *Pale Fire* we have a mad professor misinterpreting his murdered friend's poem to fashion himself the central character. In *RN* we have a defrocked President doggedly taking on the tape-recorded text of his own words and, with a heroic act of the explicative imagination, transforming guilt-laden utterances into evidences of utter innocence, raising explication to the level of high art.

Consider the balletic leaps of ratiocination he takes with the notorious "I don't give a shit what happens, I want you all to stonewall it, let them plead the Fifth Amendment, cover up or anything else, if it'll save it, save the plan" passage in the tapes. It emerges from the smithy of RN's art as "my oblique way of confronting the need to make a painful shift in our Watergate strategy."

Then there's his marvelous explication of the famous March 21 "cancer on the Presidency" talk with Dean, the one in which he repeatedly insisted he wanted to pay a million-dollar hush-money bribe to keep the cover-up going. This, he explains, was his way of ensuring that the truth would come out "in an orderly and rational way."

But RN is not content with exegetical virtuosity. He has brand new theories to offer buffs. Take his fascinating suggestion about the real culprit in the creation of the eighteen-minute gap. He knows that his explanation of the erasure is a kind of command performance. He knows we're expecting a dazzling effort from him on this one. But he's confident: "I know my treatment of the gap will be looked upon as a touchstone for the candor and credibility of what I write," he begins. It's a breathtaking gesture, almost like Babe Ruth pointing to the stands. He's convinced he can pull it off and make us believe that neither he nor Rose Mary Woods had anything to do with erasing that tape.

What he delivers is less an explication than an epic innuendo implying extended Secret Service conspiracy and treason within the White House:

> I think we all wondered about the various Secret Service agents and technicians who had had free daily access to the tapes, and even about the Secret Service agents who

Deep Throat Finalists

BOB BENNETT: had big boom in '75 when tapped by Lukas and Kohn. All the right CIA-Hughes-RN connections. Problem: is a Mormon, and Woodward's Throat drinks scotch.

ALEXANDER BUTTERFIELD: RN and Haldeman suspect him of knowing arcane unrevealed secrets of Watergate. Had the right access. Problem: why didn't he tell Woodstein about the tapes (or would that have pointed the Deep Throat finger too directly at him)?

KEN CLAWSON: former *Post* reporter; Woodward-Sussman cross-references suggest him. Problem: flag-waving RN loyalist.

MARK FELT: according to Edward Jay Epstein, he's the candidate of the Silbert-Glanzer prosecutorial team because Throat made one statement about something only Felt could have known. Bernstein is said to have spied the initials M. F. on Woodward's Throat notes. Woodward claimed M. F. stood for "My Friend." Problem: Felt did not have internal White House access.

FRED FIELDING: Dean's deputy. Haldeman's candidate. Good access. Problem: doesn't fit the world-weary man-of-many-battles Throat that Woodstein depicts.

LEONARD GARMENT: a logical choice, the liberal conscience of the Nixon White House—RN often complains of his softness. Problem: almost too obvious a suspect to have escaped detection.

DAVE GERGEN: John Dean candidate as of November 1976. Secret Society, Yale residential college connection. Problem: convincing denial, Dean switched to someone else.

SEYMOUR GLANZER: if he was champing at the bit because of caution shown by eager-for-promotion fellow prosecutor Silbert, he might have tried an end run to the press to prod his partner into greater vigor. Problem: others have called Glanzer a Sy Hersh source.

ALEXANDER HAIG: despite denials, was clearly a major source for *The Final Days*. Problem: didn't have access to grand jury trivia on Segretti that Throat apparently had.

MELVIN LAIRD: good contacts, access. Problem: wouldn't he have told Evans and Novak?

CHARLES LICHENSTEIN: candidate of certain friends of Dave Gergen who were trying to convince writer Taylor Branch not to name Gergen as John Dean's Throat candidate. Was Dean Burch's deputy. Problem: convincing denial, too obscure.

RICHARD MOORE: close to RN inner circle, he had access, consulted with Dean over cover-up troubles. As Skull and Bones member, he shared secret society underground meeting place affinity with Yalie Woodward. Problem: no obvious motives.

HENRY PETERSEN: Ehrlichman's choice because of HP's Kennedy Justice background. Makes sense if Throat is looked at as prosecutorial technique à la *Absence of Malice*: HP's hands are tied at the top, but he aims to spook out the truth by stirring up press pressure. Problem: HP sounds like RN dupe on White House tapes.

RAY PRICE: speechwriter, ex-reporter, old Nixon hand, but no friend of the Haldeman-Ehrlichman Dobermans. Yale connection with Woodward. Problem: followed RN to Elba, worked on memoirs.

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had provided Rose with the new but apparently faulty Uher tape recorder just half an hour before she discovered the gap. We even wondered about Alex Butterfield, who had revealed the existence of the tape system. . . . But it would have taken a very dedicated believer in conspiracies to accept that someone would have purposely erased 18½ minutes of this particular tape in order to embarrass me.

RN is just such a dedicated believer, and the more you study *RN*, the more you realize just how dedicated he is. He suspected Watergate was a set-up from the first. Barely two weeks after the break-in, he was entertaining "the possibility that we were dealing with a double agent who purposely blew the operation."

Indeed, RN is so preoccupied by the idea that he is the *victim* of the break-in and bugging of his opponents that he repeatedly fantasizes that his own party headquarters were bugged. He attributes to Haldeman, in one of his "diary" entries right after the June 17 arrests, the story that "one of Chotiner's operatives had said that a McGovern aide had told him that *they* had our committee rooms bugged." Curiously, he deletes from his diary citation the name of this "Chotiner operative" and that of the McGovern aide who confessed to a Watergate-like crime against RN. RN seems to have an exclusive on this bombshell.

RN's greatest strength as a buff is his generosity as a guide to future 'Gate revelations—the ones destined to keep buffs busy for the next ten years of wallowing. RN's clues to what's in store take the form of elaborate denials of things he hasn't been accused of yet. When one comes across one of these in the text of *RN*, one senses that RN is signalling that there's a truly delicious incriminating morsel on a tape he fears might be released in the foreseeable future.

ONE OF THE BEST of these coming attractions is the passage in which RN attempts to deny offering clemency to Jeb Stuart Magruder about a year into the cover-up. It's April 1973. RN is in the middle of his famous "personal investigation" of Watergate following Dean's "cancer on the Presidency" talk. Magruder is about to go back before the grand jury he lied to the summer before. If he tells the truth, he can put all the President's men in jail and make a liar out of RN. Assured of clemency, however, he might be willing to risk continued protective perjury. And so, lurking behind RN's unusually detailed account of a chat with Ehrlichman back then, there must be a heretofore unnoted offer of clemency to Magruder; and it's possible to glimpse in the pale fire of his preemptive interpretation the reflected glare of the guilt he's trying to eclipse: "I had been thinking the night before about Magruder's young children,"•RN tells us, sawing away at the heartstrings, "and about his wife. 'It breaks your heart,' I said. I thought back to Haldeman's comment two weeks before on how pathetic Magruder had been with his plea for clemency. I told Ehrlichman that this was a painful message for me: 'I'd just put that in so that he knows that I have personal affection,' I said. 'That's the way the so-called clemency's got to be handled.' "

The single most tantalizing of these peeks into future revelations, however, is RN's teasing suggestion that he's got a hitherto unknown break-in in store for us, one that he personally ordered, presumably on tape. RN tells us that on Wednesday, June 21, 1972, with the cover-up still in its embryonic stage, he came up with a bold counterattack proposal: "I said that every time the Democrats accused us of bugging we should charge that we were being bugged and maybe even plant a bug and find it ourselves!"

He seems to have been mulling this idea over for ten days when, in a conversation with Colson for which RN feels compelled to offer a preemptive pre-tape-release explanation, he makes it sound as if he gave a definite go-ahead order: "Colson and I talked about the exaggerated publicity that was being given to the break-in. In sheer exasperation I said it would help if someone broke into our headquarters and did a lot of damage—then we could launch a counterattack. Colson agreed. . . . "

THIS SOUNDS like the authentic RN. Two weeks after the Watergate break-in, he's champing at the bit to order a break-in on himself to prove that his break-in on his enemies was retroactively justified by the one he'd blame on them. Of course, no such break-in at RN's campaign headquarters has been reported. But would RN have brought up the subject in his memoirs and tried to excuse it ("in sheer exasperation . . . ") in advance if the order did not sound serious on the yet-to-be-released tape?

And it happens that not long after this conversation, a break-in took place at the Long Beach office of RN's former physician, Dr. John Lungren.

According to RN, "No money or drugs were taken but my medical files were removed from a locked closet and left strewn about the floor of the office." Note that RN's medical records were not removed from the office. And if the Lungren break-in team had merely wanted to photograph the records, why leave them so conspicuously scattered around? From the description RN provides, it seems as if the only purpose of the Lungren break-in was to advertise the fact that RN was the target. Such advertising comes in handy to RN. He cites it later as evidence that his enemies used the same tactics against him as he did in having his men break into Daniel Ellsberg's doctor's office. The symmetry is so pleasing to RN that one wonders if he had a share in shaping it. RN seems not at all outraged that damage was done to his doctor's office, only that just one network carried the news of the Lungren break-in while all three made a big deal over a 1973 report of a break-in into JFK's doctor's

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office during the 1960 campaign (another RN job?).

Yes, while other investigators have retired from the field, RN is still probing these baffling break-ins. Haldeman provides us with a fascinating glimpse of Inspector RN at work on the Ellsberg break-in case. Shortly after the November 1976 election (which would soon put a Democratic Administration in charge of the disputed storehouse of White House tapes), RN summoned Haldeman to San Clemente "to probe my memory," Haldeman says. According to Haldeman, Inspector RN has been toying with the hypothesis that he—RN himself—ordered the break-in: "I was so damn mad at Ellsberg in those days. And Henry was jumping up and down. I've been thinking—and maybe I did order that break-in."

But Inspector RN is not completely satisfied with this deft solution to the Ellsberg case. He'd called in Ellsberg operations chief Egil Krogh, and Krogh told him *he* didn't remember the President ordering him to do it. "Again and again that afternoon Nixon returned to the subject," Haldeman recalls. "Finally he said, 'I'm just going to have to check it out further.' "

Surprisingly, Haldeman has doubts about the good faith of Inspector RN's continuing investigation:

> And then I realized the situation. If Nixon had ordered the break-in while in the Oval Office his order was preserved on tape. And those tapes might well become public some day. Nixon was debating whether to reveal what he had really said in that office about the break-in or wait it out. It might be years before that particular tape was unearthed.

Now, it seems to me that this is an extremely uncharitable interpretation of Inspector RN's motives. If you recall, RN has told us that as soon as he heard the shocking news of a cover-up in the White House from John Dean back in March 1973, he proceeded to launch his own intensive investigation of the entire affair. So this account of RN probing to see whether anyone remembered *him* ordering the Ellsberg job is just another indication among many that after ten years, RN *is still on the case*. And, at long last, he may be closing in on Mr. Big.

Tricky Dick had nothing on Honest Abe.

How Nixon Got Strung Up

By Nicholas von Hoffman

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Watergate burglary will be marked, celebrated, and observed by liberals as the American version of Guy Fawkes Day, and by the minority of Republicans who still care as a miscarriage of justice. Enough time has passed since that silly band of ex-CIA Cubano-Americano hysterics broke into the offices of the Democratic National Committee and precipitated our only Presidential resignation to do a bit of detached beard pulling. It's still too early for the historians to take over, but not too soon to dispense with the erroneous view that the exiled President was our second Benedict Arnold, the greatest traitor to the Constitution we've ever had. We need to drop the notion that the defenestration of Richard Nixon saved the Republic, and we need to take a fresh look at those events, because they tell us much about our political system and processes.

Before proceeding to the argument, a personal digression, please. What follows is not Nixon revisionism. I yield to no one in my abiding belief in Mr. Nixon's quintessential nerdliness. Old Swoop Nose is an unreconstructed dork and ever shall be. But there is more to the Watergate saga than an ex-President's oh-so-obvious dislikability.

Traveling back to the circumstances of January 1969, when Nixon was sworn in, you have to wonder if any man coming into office then could have escaped with his hide intact. The remarkable thing is not that Nixon was thrown out of office but that it took the best part of six years, a landslide reelection included, before he was given the gate. The man faced a problem which might have defeated a loved and inspirational figure.

Nixon was the first American President since Lincoln to guide the nation through a war that fundamentally divided the ruling classes. Lyndon Johnson got out in time to suffer no more than a high degree of denunciation. It was only when Nixon took office that the prestigious props and stays of every wartime President began to bend and snap in great numbers. Harvard, that ivied nursery of cold war managers, gave the new President Henry Kissinger and then began to back away from policies that the most distinguished

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names in that institution had supported for a generation. The *New York Times*, which along with the entire American establishment had endorsed the Gulf of Tonkin resolution authorizing Johnson to make war in Southeast Asia, did a *volte-face* and went antiwar. The *Washington Post*, whose editorials had become so truculently prowar that Lyndon Johnson rewarded its editor with the U.N. ambassadorship, went limp.

NOT SINCE Lincoln took on the Confederacy and the Copperheads had our Chief Executive had to deal with what both Lincoln and Nixon regarded as treason among Americans who had the most reason to be grateful to their country. Here were the blue-collar millions, and the white-collar millions as well, supporting their flag and their President while the other half of the Best and the Brightest (the half Halberstam did not write about) was publicly opposing the war effort, and, it is not too much to say, giving aid and comfort to an enemy whose troops in the field were shooting at our soldiers.

Honest Abe's reaction to this was no less infuriated than Tricky Dick's. Whether he used four-letter words as frequently as Dick did we don't know, since he apparently did not have the White House wired, but he certainly had a reputation for having as many expletive deleteds in his vocabulary as the man who sat in his chair a century later.

When Lincoln was confronted with sedition in wartime, he did not limit his response to a little eavesdropping here and a few break-ins there. He threw people in jail without benefit of trial, defense lawyers, or anything remotely approximating due process as we understand it now and as it was accorded Nixon's antiwar opponents at the trials conducted during his Presidency. Lincoln de facto suspended the Bill of Rights, and when the Chief Justice tried to spring a Copperhead by issuing a writ of habeas corpus, Father Abraham told the old geezer to go try to enforce it himself. Assuming that Nixon planned and organized the Watergate break-in (and the execution certainly shows the Nixonian talent for getting everything screwed up) it was nothing compared to the violation of civil liberties conducted by Lincoln.

The argument can be made that Lincoln only clapped Copperheads in jail, that he did not burglarize the home of Horace Greeley or other well-known Democrats. True enough, but the record suggests he would have if he thought such folks were playing seditious games with Johnny Reb. Nixon and his people did think that leading Democrats and the party itself were, to put it minimally, sabotaging the American war effort. (If you were against the war, as I was, keep calm. None of what is being said here should be construed as a latter-day justification of the war. But the war is over and now we must understand what happened to us in those years.)

Nixon's civil liberties record will stand up well against every wartime President since Lincoln, with the exception of McKinley, a man who presided over a war so brief that almost no one found time to oppose it. FDR, as we now belatedly remember, locked up tens of thousands of Americans of Japanese origin who weren't even against the war, and Truman instituted the "loyalty" operations which paved the way for Joe McCarthy. Wilson did have public opposition to going to war from some important persons in his own party. But for the most part, the American ruling elites rallied to support the war. Senator Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, the Democratic majority leader, opposed getting in. So did the only politician Mississippi ever produced who exceeded Representative Theodore Bilbo in race-baiting incendiarism, Senator James K. Vardaman, known as the White Knight. Such antiwar dissenters as happened to be Socialists, Germans, lower-class dirt farmers, and similar riffraff with garlic on their breath really suffered for it. Professor Wilson rolled up the Constitution and beat them over the head with the Bill of Rights. They were jailed, deported, harassed, fired from their jobs; their magazines were shut down, their bookstores closed, and their mail opened and read.

THEN HAVE WE misjudged Mr. Nixon all along? Was he an ACLU fellow traveler? Hardly. The Nixon Administration's few and feeble forays into extra-constitutional repression of dissent had to do with who was dissenting. The man's defenders, writers like Victor Lasky, have been at bitter pains to show that he was not the first President to do the things of which he stands pardoned. The difference was that Nixon's predecessors went after groups and individuals who were more or less powerless. If FDR yanked Japanese-Americans out of the racist California of 1941, who besides pluperfect impotents like Socialist Norman Thomas were going to complain? It was not that Nixon opened other people's mail, it was *whose* he opened. In actuality, he didn't open that much mail, but he did enough of it to spook the powerful and influential people who had given up on the Vietnam War. They felt threatened, and, unlike the Japanese-Americans of forty years ago, they could do something about it.

For Nixon the situation was galling beyond measure. The polls showed that his war policies were favored by huge percentages of the population. He had the masses but he missed the classes, and though the masses count, they didn't count for enough to have permitted him to crush his upper-crust enemies. So he harassed and bugged them where he could; he temporarily turned the word "elite" into a term of opprobrium. He tried other approaches as well. The explanation of the secret bombing of Laos and Cambodia was to try and land a winning punch abroad without riling up his opponents at home. He tried to negotiate his way out of the morass on terms consistent with the

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minimum he thought he needed for the United States to remain a globe-straddling superpower.

The burglary, if this view of his predicament is accepted, is evidence of how weak he was, regardless of his standing in the Gallup poll. We know enough of how security matters were handled pre-Nixon, and probably are now handled post-Carter, to presume that a President with any clout at all wouldn't have had to get his White House staff to do his security snooping for him. That was normally done by Woodrow Wilson's discovery, J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover dragged his feet, but certainly not because of his scruples. He'd been doing bag jobs for years. The best guess is that the FBI director found the split on policy among Washington's power personages, plus the prestige of the targets to be snooped upon, too dangerous.

SO THE White House had to fall back on using a pickup team of greedy amateurs and romantics. When they were caught, President Nixon did what many another post-World War II President had surely done: he ordered the thing covered up as a national security matter. And considering that, Lincoln-like, he had come to see the Democratic Party as a party of treason and sedition, he doubtless *did* see it as a national security matter. But top muckety-mucks at the CIA, also sensing the President's precarious position, were more interested in making sure their own fannies were covered than in draping the boss's backside.

Nevertheless, after the string of marvelously enticing stories in June and July by Woodward and Bernstein in the *Washington Post*, Watergate seemed to die until after the November 1972 Presidential elections. It didn't revive until the following winter, when James McCord wrote his letter to Judge Sirica. The Democratic candidate, George McGovern, had done his best to make Watergate a campaign issue, and some serious major media stabs were made at bringing it up before the voting. But few in high and influential places cared to quiver with indignation until the dangerous-seeming McGovern was dispatched and Agnew was replaced as Vice President by safe, sane Jerry Ford. Once these things were taken care of, Richard Nixon, freshly reelected by a larger vote than that accorded Franklin Roosevelt in 1936, was doomed.

The war which had caused him so much trouble was now truly being ended, but on terms which satisfied no one and angered everyone on the upper rungs of American society. The broad masses of fiercely independent, free-thinking average citizens were their usual docile selves. If the President said it was time to stop shooting, well, bub, we support our President. It was only at the eleventh hour, when the man's political noose had been knotted and strung, that the polls showed a massive turning away from him—and that was more on account of his being made out to be a tax cheat and such than on account of the more serious allegations summed up in the name Watergate.

The country was entering a strange interlude which showed anew that it is impossible to understand politics only through the self-interest or the self-proclaimed principles of the players. As the war approached its end, the antiwar brigade increasingly metamorphosed from a wild and spontaneous, and essentially powerless, social movement into a conventional political manifestation in Congress and within the two big parties. And as the antiwar movement ballooned, the anger at the President grew apace. There was much guilt and much covering of tracks. The louder the *Washington Post* editorialized against Mr. Nixon's obstructions of justice, the fewer were those who could recall the paper's part in putting the country in the war to begin with. There was as much guile as guilt in that kind of thing; in like manner, the new recruits in Congress to the antiwar movement were, often as not, honest men who at last found it politically safe to speak the whispering of conscience. They were all the madder at Nixon for their own cowardice.

Even so, Nixon could not have gone down without Nixon's help. It was not easy. He had to do it in spite of his own middle-of-the-road policies and programs. This was no Ronald Reagan; indeed, the right wing of his party detested him as little better than a New Dealer. Nevertheless, Richard Nixon, who had won, lost, and learned enough to be a better than average electoral politician, aggravated everyone, his friends included, once he was in the White House. If you read the history of President Andrew Johnson's determination to get himself impeached, it evokes Richard Nixon. Again and again, each man goaded his opponents and frustrated his friends in his march to his destruction. Each President's own violent misanthropies led him to misread every successive situation he created by his previous blunder.

BY THE SPRING of 1973, a psycho-political vortex of sneering fury twixt Nixon and his increasingly dominant upper-class opponents took hold of events in Washington. The Nixon part of this interactive emotional boil has been described and noted often enough, although the self-serving bile of some of these sketches of the despairing alcoholic President should remind us how one-sided this picture is. What has not been looked at is the other side of this grudge match.

If ever a dictum has been born out by events, it's the one that says winners write history. Nixon's enemies, frontally or by indirection, have depicted themselves as public-spirited men who acted as they did to defend the Constitution and preserve civil liberties. Such is the import of the books by journalists like Woodward and Bernstein; such is the flat-out premise of the autobiographical works by men like Elliot Richardson, John Sirica, Leon Jaworski, Jerry Ford, et al. They are backed up by the confessional works of men like Dean, Ehrlichman, and Colson, stuff that sometimes reads

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like the defendants' statements at the Moscow trials. This is not to say that their accounts of Watergate are wrong, only that they are one-sided. At one end of town even a deaf ear could not escape hearing the continuous uproar over the taping of high-prestige journalists' phones, while at the other John Sirica was conducting his kangaroo court at the expense of the Watergate burglars.

Beyond that, the entire establishmentarian pretension to shock and dismay at learning about the Nixon Administration's violations of the Bill of Rights smacks more of convenience than of cool Jeffersonian concern for the Constitution. Congress and the media had known for years that the government routinely disregarded the civil liberties of persons defined as potentially subversive. Their knowledge was not the fruit of investigatory inquiries. Successive Administrations told them in closed-door Congressional committee hearings and on other occasions. The papers, for example, learned about Robert Kennedy's wiretapping of Dr. Martin Luther King because the FBI dropped around to a number of editors' offices with tapes and transcripts of King and his girl friends frolicking in Washington's Willard Hotel. So the same question that Howard Baker asked of Richard Nixon can be posed to his upper-class enemies: what did they know and when did they know it?

Again, when I use expressions like "upper-class enemies," no sneer is implied. The thesis here is not that Richard Nixon was done in by Eastern elitists or some such rubbish. While the masses looked on, if public opinion polls are to be given any credence, the ruling circles turned increasingly against Richard Nixon for a variety of reasons. Sometime between the publication of the White House's expurgated version of the tapes and the Saturday Night Massacre, a firestorm of anti-Nixon emotion grabbed much of upper-echelon America. By the time the thing had burned itself out, they were cursing his name, if only briefly, even in the country clubs.

IT WAS IN this period that Nixon lost all but the minimum legal authority that goes with his office. In the executive branch, anybody defied him who cared to. His tax returns, which were secret by law, were made public without his permission. It is to be hoped that some day a disinterested social psychologist will study the contagious hysteria that got hold of highly placed men and women. When that study is made, more than one chapter will have to be given over to the mass media. From copy person to publisher, the craziness took charge of the industry's personnel. With malice and madness, newspapers and television networks gave the President the treatment ordinarily reserved for foreign enemies. It wasn't journalism; it was lynching. Not only were the pretentious canons of the trade chucked overboard, so were fairness and common sense. Obnoxious though the Trickster was, he was never the Great Satan the nation's mass media turned him into.

The irony is that to this day people in the news business look back on Watergate as the industry's finest hour. It may have been its worst. It certainly is the most worrisome from the point of view of the concerned citizen. How can you have a working democracy in a nation of 220 million people if its mass media adheres monolithically to a party line? The *Pravda*-like unanimity of press and broadcasting is all the more disconcerting among journalists because there is not yet the beginning of a self-examination about how they traduced their own definitions of their calling, and how, in a matter of supreme political crisis, they led the mob, instead of providing a forum for give-and-take. The closest you will get to hearing self-criticism is when an occasional editor attributes a Janet Cooke episode to a lowering of standards of journalistic proof that began with Watergate. The people of importance in the communications industry might, however, leave off awarding each other Pulitzer Prizes and concentrate their minds on the perils to liberty of a society burdened with a monotone media.

A PROPER tenth anniversary Watergate essay must conclude with a word about those who went to prison and those who didn't. Richard Nixon didn't, because Jerry Ford gave him a pardon—and thank you, Jerry Ford, for doing so. What we did not need was daily television coverage, with artists' sketches, of an ex-President being tried for his low crimes and petty misdemeanors. Hunt, Liddy, and the Cubans had to do some time. After all, they were caught in the very act. To a greater or lesser degree, the trials, the convictions, and especially the jailings of men like Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Krogh, and Mitchell were not such a good idea. Some of them clearly did break a law or two; with others the case would not have stood up in an atmosphere less acrid than the one at the time. But in all, the element of political punishment was too strong to have made it wise to incarcerate them. They went to jail primarily because of their association with Richard Nixon. Locking them up proved that the charges used to drive Nixon from office were true. One innocent was sent to jail, the victim of the passions of the President's enemies. That was Donald Segretti, the silly man who committed crimes like ordering unwanted pizzas and sending them over to Muskie headquarters. If he belonged in stir then so did Dick Tuck, who used to pull practical jokes on Republicans for the Democratic cause. The whole thing should make us queasy, and that civil libertarians used the conspiracy statutes against these men should make many a cheek burn with shame.

At the time of Richard Nixon's fall, any number of editorials could be heard on the air or read in the papers about "the lessons of Watergate." A decade later, those lessons are a good bit less clear.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Young Loves

If two films in a year denote a trend, then the French have instituted a subgenre that deals with innocent love between a girl-child and an older male. Last year we got *La Drolesse* by Jacques Doillon (TNR, May 2, 1981), in which an eleven-year-old girl is kidnapped by a dim but gentle twenty-year-old country youth and in which the two live together in sexless devotion for as long as the encircling world will permit. Now comes a much better picture, *La Femme Enfant*, also about two lonely creatures who innocently console each other. This is a first film, written and directed by Raphaële Billetdoux, daughter of the well-known playwright François Billetdoux. (His *Tchin-Tchin* was produced here in 1962.) The younger Billetdoux, born in 1951, has published three novels and for ten years has worked in films as editor and adapter.

La Femme Enfant
(New Yorker Films)

Gregory's Girl
(Sam Goldwyn Company)

One reason that her film is better than Doillon's is because the two people are more complex: more is enclosed within their doomed magic circle. He is a man around forty, a gardener who lives alone on a huge estate and who is mute, apparently by choice; he has refused to speak since his seventeen-year-old mother was dragged off by villagers at the end of the war to have her head shaved for consorting with Germans. The girl whom he adores is fourteen, daughter of a dull pair who run the village beauty shop, and she has some talent as an organist. (We first see her playing in the village church, empty except for the gardener, who gives no sign of knowing her.) She has been visiting the mute man for about three years—we never see how the relationship started, which is not an omission but a compliment to our imaginations—and mostly it's in the early morning. She rises while everyone in her home is still asleep, bicycles off to school an hour earlier than necessary, and spends an hour with him before going to classes. Their love is utterly asexual—in act, anyway; he bathes her without embarrassment to either. Of course the fact that he is a man and she is a young girl is part of their love, but their love is one of the many, many kinds of emotional attachment between people for which there is no dictionary noun.

We do know two matters. They need each other; he has nothing else in his life, and she has a home without any warmth. And we also know that their love, whatever its name, must end. Her life, as she grows, simply cannot include him. We see their paths diverge at last, and we see the sad finish which, in tenor though not in detail, we have known must come.

Billetdoux has written and directed with fine feeling—for the privacies of the pair, for the coarseness of others around them, for the dailiness of country life. Only two objections: the very last shot, after the true ending, is a pan along a river that might as well be labeled "Poetry"; and, more important, the girl's father, played by Michel Robin, is such a clod that his profession, even at his level, doesn't seem to suit him.

But with her two principals, Billetdoux's touch is sure. The girl is Penelope Palmer, born in 1965 of American parents who live in France. She has a winning *jolie laide* face and is all compact of winning hot impulses. When she plays the organ at an audition for a scholarship and the audience applauds her, her face lights with a happiness that I felt.

The mute is played—beautifully—by Klaus Kinski. His fair hair and features fit him for the role of a German's child, but that accuracy becomes incidental. Clad in the rough shirts and corduroy of a country laborer, a man more at home with earth and animals than with people (except for the girl), Kinski creates an immediate and unostentatious oddness. He does not play bizarreness; he *is*—an odd man. What's especially difficult and touching is that through his very oddness he conveys his feeling for the girl and his need for that feeling. Few actors today can convince us of inner suffering as he can, at his best, whether as the eccentric Nosferatu or the prototypical Woyzeck; the suffering of this lonely gardener is all candor. Kinski gives this film, which might otherwise be moderately good, considerable distinction.

Another factor makes his performance extraordinary: he does so *many* films. In the last year he has been in two American clinkers, Wilder's *Buddy Buddy* and Toback's *Love and Money*, plus an English job that was even worse, Haggard's *Venom*. The May 26 *Variety* carries reviews of two forthcoming Kinski films, an American picture in which he has a "cameo" and Werner Herzog's much publicized South American epic *Fitzcarraldo* in which Kinski plays the title role. In the midst of a jet-propelled career, he has carved out a small island of quiet time in which to concentrate on and body forth this silent, unhistrionic,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Diva. Romantic French thriller about a Parisian moped messenger, a black American soprano, a Vietnamese girl, some killers, and others. Gorgeous and gripping.

Marianne and Juliane. Margarethe von Trotta's intelligent and beautiful third film is a personal-political poem about two German sisters in the 1970s. Grim but graceful and richly rewarding.

The Secret Policeman's Other Ball. Sketches filmed at two Monty Python stage shows in London, along with some musical numbers. Most of the sketches are top Monty Python, which is top enough for anyone.

Victor/Victoria. Julie Andrews poses as a man posing as a girl singer in order to get a club date. Paris, 1934, and fun.

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anguished laborer. It's a tribute to Kinski's residual taste and talent—and to his young author-director, Billetdoux.

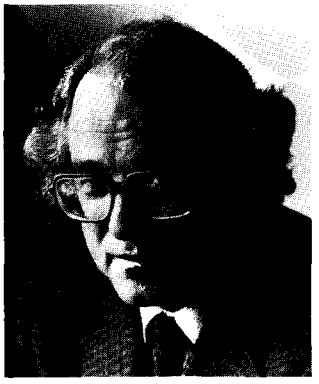
A quite different, much more conventional film of early love comes from Scotland, written and directed by Bill Forsyth, whose second feature it is. *Gregory's Girl* is about high-school love in a Lowlands "new town" about halfway between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and technically the picture is quite crudely made. The editing is obtrusively bumpy, the use of the camera is pedestrian, and from beginning to end the soundtrack is freighted with studio deadness: the voices sound like afterthoughts, added to the film. (Almost all films have at least some scenes that were "looped" later, but usually in ways to make those scenes sound "live.")

The story could hardly be more commonplace. A zooming boy, five inches taller than he was last year, falls dreamily in love with a hearty girl who tries out for the football (soccer) team and who can't be denied a place because she is so good. She is a humdinger—her photo sells like hotcakes in the boys' room—and Gregory finally summons the nerve to ask her for a date. He gets it, and by the end of the evening, after several prearranged transfers, he finds himself with a different pretty girl, dreamy again.

But the picture has charm, for two reasons. Forsyth's dialogue is fresh, true, and funny. (Gregory's ten-year-old sister, according to a ten-year-old boy who admires her, "has the body of a woman of 13.") And all the youngsters, helped by their Lallans accent—mistakenly thought abroad to be *the* Scottish accent—are captivating. Dee Hepburn, the girl footballer, is the picture of every kind of health. Allison Forster, Gregory's kid sister, is prematurely sober and concerned; her scenes of love-counsel to her brother were my favorites. And Gordon John Sinclair, the Gregory, is gulping, humorous, unaggressive, but eager. Seeing *Gregory's Girl* is like spending ninety minutes in the company of youngsters who are going clumsily through a lot of familiar throes and thrills but who are doing it with such unsententious commitment that it would be impertinent to patronize them.

Book Note. "No doubt the soul of Louise Brooks is not unlike the soul of [Wedekind's] Lulu—the hedonist without a sense of sin who lives for the moment and destroys men as she goes. . . . She writes marvelously, in a style that is all her own: direct, graceful, terse, exact, piercing, radiant." Those heady lines were written by, if you can believe it, the famously reticent editor of the *New Yorker*, William Shawn, in his brief introduction to Brooks's *Lulu in Hollywood* (Knopf, 113 pp., $15). A fact-checker on Shawn's magazine might have queried the phrase "no doubt," and any reader may question the "style that is all her own" bit. Brooks does write smoothly and engagingly, but Shawn is surprised, he admits, that a film actress *can* write, especially when she "is one of the great beauties of all time." ("Of all time"? Can he mean "in film history"? And would his surprise be less if he had read, to name just one example that I assume he doesn't know, Mary Astor's *A Life on Film*?) Anyway, the pitch of the introduction is a tribute to Brooks's persistent personal power.

The book's title is catchy but imprecise. After fourteen American films, Brooks went to Berlin to play in *Pandora's Box* (1929), G. W. Pabst's version of the two Wedekind dramas about Lulu. The subsequent career of "Lulu" in Hollywood was short and insignificant. Her career might have fared better in Europe, where she made two films after *Pandora's Box*, if sound had not arrived. Her return to America mirrors the return to Europe of Emil Jannings and others who couldn't work in American sound films. Besides Shawn's brief prelude and a brief postlude by Lotte H. Eisner, a Brooks filmography, and two good sections of photographs, the book contains fewer than a hundred pages of Brooks prose—seven chapters, simultaneously discrete and overlapping, that finish in the early 1930s. Those chapters are often vivid and pungent, with many intimate views of celebrities—Bogart, Fields, Gish, Hearst, and others. (And with some interesting professional souvenirs: "[Pabst] actually encouraged actors' disposition to hate and back away from each other, and thus preserved their energy for the camera.") But besides the gaps between, the chapters themselves are not always well focused, and she makes at least one questionable statement. Brooks says that, when Louis B. Mayer was in Berlin in early 1925 and saw Garbo in *Gösta Berling*, "he knew as sure as he was alive that he had found a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sexual symbol beyond his or anyone else's imagining." Elsewhere Garbo has been quoted as saying, "When I met Mr. Mayer, he hardly looked at me," that Mayer hired her because he wanted to hire her lover, the director Mauritz Stiller, and Stiller wouldn't sign unless Mayer signed Garbo, too.

I was knocked out—precociously, no doubt—by Louise Brooks when I saw her in *The Canary Murder Case* in 1929; and was knocked out again when I saw *Pandora's Box* again last year. She is sexual uranium. Her body seems completely present even in close-ups. (In a curious way, the book duplicates that effect: even when she isn't discussing her personal life, which she often does, sexual musk haunts the pages.) She made twenty-four pictures in thirteen years—her last was a Republic Western with John Wayne—then, after various vicissitudes, she accepted a job offer from James Card, curator of the film archives at Eastman House in Rochester, New York, where she still lives. The acting career, except for the European films, is not overwhelming as such; neither is her book. But in both of them, the Brooks uranium tingles.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Coming at History From Two Sides

I have often complained that the contemporary stage neglects contemporary history, that it is out of time. But in the course of a single day, I had the privilege of seeing two inspired theatrical responses to modern circumstances.

Master Harold . . . and the boys
by Athol Fugard

Wielopole-Wielopole
by Tadeusz Kantor

Coming at history from opposite directions, both of these efforts reveal how provisional is the relationship between the dramatist and contemporary events, especially if the events are to be treated with honesty; yet both are signal triumphs, the one as an act of decency, the other as a work of art.

Athol Fugard's *Master Harold . . . and the boys* (Lyceum Theater), like this South African playwright's other works, is distinguished more by his majestic spirit than by his artistic gifts. Fugard is not a dramatist of the first rank in a class with Beckett, Brecht, or even the late O'Neill—he makes no deep metaphysical probes, he fashions no striking poetic images, he doesn't change our way of looking at the world. His theatrical impulses are similar to those of Jean-Paul Sartre, Arthur Miller, Arnold Wesker—writers who put their craft at the service of an idea. Like them, Fugard is more interested in identifying social injustices and inequities than in transforming consciousness, which is to say that he is less a visionary poet than a man of great liberal conscience. Fugard's conscience, however, is a judicious instrument—scrupulous without being paralyzed, partial without being simplified. He avoids self-righteousness—the customary pitfall of such writing—by acknowledging that he may be implicated in his own indictments. If not the most inspired of contemporary playwrights, he certainly has the greatest heart, which makes him the most attractive character in his plays.

Fugard's compelling subject is the corrosive effect of apartheid on the spirit of South Africa; in *Master Harold*, he may have found his quintessential racial anecdote. The play takes place in a grubby tea room in Port Elizabeth, tended by two black men, the sedate, dignified Sam and the slower-witted Willy. After a desultory opening during which Sam advises Willy about a dancing contest, they are joined by Hally, the schoolboy son of the white woman who owns the tea room. Hally is obviously very fond of Sam, who was a surrogate father to him during his childhood; he just as obviously detests his own father, a crippled, insensate barfly, now preparing to return home after an extended hospitalization. Although Hally believes in social progress and admires humanitarian reformers, the prospect of his father's return triggers extraordinary aggression in him. In the scorching concluding moments of the play, he insists that "the boys" call him "Master Harold," then tells a brutal racist joke and spits in Sam's face.

Though sorely tempted, Sam does not strike Hally. Instead, he exposes him as a coward and a weakling, a creature riddled with self-hatred: "You've hurt yourself, I saw it coming. . . . You've just hurt yourself bad and you're a coward." Sam tries to turn the occasion into a positive learning experience about how one becomes a man; Hally is too ashamed to accept instruction. Sam offers reconciliation; Hally equivocates. The two part with a shared sense of failure and a shared conviction that the dream of racial brotherhood has suffered a damaging, perhaps irreparable blow. The play ends with Sam and Willy locked in each other's arms, inconsolable, dancing to a jukebox tune.

Fugard arranges his anecdote as if he were placing tiles in a mosaic. This sometimes creates an impression of contrivance—twice the phone rings, for example, with information that turns Hally vicious right after he has made fervent humanitarian affirmations. Then, perhaps because Sam's insights into the self-hatred motivating Hally's behavior are so cogent, you are left with a sense that everything has been said, that there is nothing more to be revealed, which robs the evening of ambiguity and suggestiveness. Still, there is no denying the explosive impact of that ending, and Fugard has directed a performance from the three players that is muscular and powerful. Casting Lonny Price as Hally may have exposed the author's hand a little prematurely—Price acts the role with sniveling authority, but if he didn't look and behave so much like a weasel from the beginning, the shock of the ending might have been even greater. As it is, there is no contest, especially when Danny Glover plays Willie with such tender simplicity and Zakes Mokae brings such extraordinary grandeur to the part of Sam.

BUT THE REAL spiritual beauty of the play comes from Fugard. *Master Harold* seems to be a much more personal statement than his other works; it also suggests that his obsession with the theme of racial injustice may be an expression of his own guilt, an act of

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expiation. Whatever the case, his writing continues to exude a sweetness and sanctity that more than compensates for what might be prosaic, rhetorical, or contrived about it. At this rate, Athol Fugard may become the first playwright in history to be a candidate for canonization.

TADEUSZ KANTOR'S newest creation with his Cricot 2 group, *Wielopole-Wielopole* (La Mama) is also an attempt to distill history into dramatic form. Whereas Fugard deals with the African experience, Kantor's world is that of a small town in Poland during World War II; while Fugard writes in a conventional, realistic style, Kantor pursues radically avant-garde forms, somewhat influenced by Grotowski but nevertheless strikingly original in image and practice. Like the Jacobean John Webster, Kantor has an obsession with death which fixes his eyes on the skull beneath the skin. A companion to his great theater piece, *Dead Class*, *Wielopole-Wielopole* is a savage elegy for an entire race, a dazzling rumination on extinction and destruction in the nightmare chaos of modern Europe.

The very simple stage consists of crated wooden flats, a few wooden crosses, staked in dirt, and a wooden closet against which Kantor—hollow-eyed, ascetic, mournful, looking like a hybrid of Jan Kott crossed with a bloodhound—has draped himself, watching the audience enter. Throughout the performance, he is a conspicuous witness, sometimes entering the action to arrange an actor's hands, or to bring in furniture, or to pick up a fallen prop. Kantor's motives are clearly proprietary; this is his creation and the company has been rigorously trained and rehearsed to embody it. The result is something that not only changes your mind about the capacities of the theater, but also alters your feelings about the state of being human—a vision so powerful that it competes successfully with what we normally think of as reality.

The inhabitants of Wielopole include nine soldiers, their faces and uniforms putty-colored as if they had just been dragged up from their graves; a host of townspeople; and a pair of twins or, more accurately, clones, since they are not only identically dressed in bowler hats and long frock coats, but have identical frontier moustaches, identical gaps in their teeth, and identical furrows in their brows. Kantor also makes generous use of dummies, one of them a priest who looks remarkably like Ernest Borgnine. It lies on a bed at the beginning of the play—soon the bed is cranked, revealing a living priest (also a Borgnine double) on the underside. What follows—performed in a spastic, mannequin-like acting style—are episodes from Kantor's remembered life of the town, each culminating in a grotesque parade around the stage to the accompaniment of a rousing two-hundred-year-old Polish marching song.

As in *Dead Class*, where the parade of the dead was started up by a haunting waltz called *La Françoise*, *Wielopole-Wielopole* uses music as a means of creating excitement, inducing nostalgia, dramatizing historical repetition. Kantor also makes striking use of symbolic props—not only that grim revolving bed, which looks like a torture instrument, but also an ancient metal camera which, when operated by a photographer's widow wearing a ghastly grin, transforms into a lethal machine gun. The most important artifact, however, is a large wooden cross on which the priest is crucified by the soldiers—perpetually, as if it were a kind of eternal recurrence. Kantor's imagery throughout is essentially religious—the rituals of Christians and Jews alike being annihilated by the atrocities of war. In the climax of the piece, a rabbi in a *yarmulke* wearing a wooden Hebrew symbol is mowed down by machine-gun fire, after which the dead come on stage to enact a sardonic parody of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," complete with naked dummies and the crucified priest.

Kantor folds up the cloth from this supper table and departs, leaving a skeleton in uniform as the final subject of the audience's contemplation. It is a fitting image for the fate of Eastern Europe in modern times—like the entire work, a superb distillation of history, in a strikingly original style. To Kantor and his company—and to La Mama's Ellen Stewart, the New York State Council, and the Rockefeller Foundation, which helped to make the visit possible—we owe an immense debt of gratitude for proving that such an ancient mode as the theater is still capable of generating powerful perceptions and thrilling new forms.

Herbert Butterfield and the historian's task.

THE PRYING YORKSHIREMAN

BY JOHN CLIVE

Herbert Butterfield, one of the outstanding English historians of his generation, died in 1979, full of years and honors. To those unfamiliar with his work and personality, even an abbreviated list of his distinctions—professor of modern history and subsequently Regius Professor of History at Cambridge, Master of Peterhouse and Vice-Chancellor at the same university, holder of a knighthood—may convey the image of an Establishment figure. That would be far from the truth. A Yorkshireman who never lost his native manner of speech and who, out of earshot, was frequently referred to, at times affectionately, at times sneeringly, as "Bootterfield," a Methodist lay preacher in the bargain, he could hardly be said to have fit either into the ranks of the elegant Cambridge grandees or into those of the fashionable rebels represented by the Apostles with their glittering Bloomsbury connection. Like the man himself, his books, of which the best known are probably *The Whig Interpretation of History* and *Christianity and History*, do not easily fit an expected category. Most of them, like the two just mentioned, could be called contributions to historiography, the history of historical writing. But that classification, while broadly accurate, does not get to the essence of Butterfield's endeavor—which was to raise searching questions not just

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about the technical ways in which historians were going and had gone about the exercise of their craft, but also about the fundamental assumptions, conscious and implicit, underlying their treatment of both past and present.

When Butterfield died at the age of seventy-nine, after a long illness, he had only half-finished what he once called "the most impracticable adventure of my life," no less than the attempt to answer the double question as to how and why men first became aware of the past beyond living human memory; and how and why it then came about in the West that history gradually developed into a self-explanatory system of cause and effect, excluding chance and divine intervention. Enough of the manuscript was left in finished form and in draft to enable Adam Watson to piece together *The Origins of History* (Basic Books, 252 pp., $20.95) in accordance with the author's intentions, though there are inevitable gaps and omissions in the argument and presentation, and though, for obvious reasons, this posthumous volume lacks the clarity and economy of style that characterized the rest of Butterfield's work. The book is by no means easy reading. But we must be grateful to Mr. Watson for having given it to us, not only because it shows that to the very end of his days Butterfield wrestled with the sort of basic and often recalcitrant questions that would have taxed the scope and ambition of even the most energetic and erudite younger historian, but also because it serves to remind us of the interconnectedness of both the subject matter and the problems to which he had devoted his entire scholarly life.

It is, of course, hardly surprising that someone like Butterfield, who had for so long concerned himself with the ways in which men wrote about, and both used and abused, the past, should have come to ask himself how what we take for granted—society looking behind itself, organizing its memory, reflecting on long-term tendencies and the directions they might take—actually started. Why did some men, but not others, begin to keep records, to meditate on possible connections between events, and to see continuities between past, present, and future? From the beginnings of civilization there has been official history, celebrating the powers that be. The chief reason the Egyptians, Hittites, Assyrians, and Babylonians produced lists and records, annals and commemorative tablets, was concern on the part of rulers and monarchs over their future fame. Epics, too, the earliest forms of history as literature, were essentially commemorative. It was religion that played a major role in providing a genuine sense of the past.

"FOR MONTHS before his journey, the liberal press had been grooming Graham for a starring role as a convert to enlightenment. But like Gerald Ford liberating the Poles or Jimmy Carter smooching Brezhnev, Graham overdid it. Worst of all, from the liberal point of view, the affair forced the media to focus directly on all those facts about the Soviet persecution of religion that the liberal sensibility tries to evade."

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FROM EARLY ON, the history of history involved priests as well as official scribes. For great empires required powerful gods as well as powerful rulers. Thus the rise of Babylon to imperial status provoked attempts to exalt Marduk, hitherto a merely local and minor god, into a major deity. But it was with the Hebrews that history and religion came together to greatest effect, that there emerged a people more obsessed with history than any other nation that had ever existed. For it was the message recorded in the Old Testament, but already existing in much older documents, that Yahweh had promised to bring the children of Israel out of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, that provided the unique historical memory which helped to make the Hebrews into a nation. Yahweh was not only the god of nature who had created the world, but even more so the god of history who had made a covenant with Abraham, whose promise had kept alive hope in the wilderness, and who would renew that promise, so that in spite of all its vicissitudes and sufferings Israel would be able to fulfill its mission as the chosen people. For the ancient Hebrews, as Butterfield puts it, history was really going somewhere; it was not cyclical, as it was for the Greeks, but linear, irreversible, and unrepeatable. Furthermore, in the book of Genesis, the history of the Hebrew nation became part of the history of mankind, starting from the Creation. Thus the Old Testament provided an enormous stimulus for both national and universal history.

As it turned out, Christianity tied itself to ancient Judaism by its acceptance of the Old Testament as holy Scripture, its recognition of the identity of Christ and the Messiah. That was of tremendous importance for the history of historical awareness; for it made people see that antecedents could be both significant and fruitful. It is when Butterfield continues his discussion of the Christian impact on historiography, and in turn follows that with some considerations on the subsequent effects of secularization, that we begin to realize the extent to which this last work of his marks a final return to themes which had preoccupied him all his life. One of those themes appears in his comments on St. Augustine who, though writing as a believing Christian, recognized the existence of profane history and almost conceded to it a certain autonomy. A second theme is closely tied to Butterfield's conviction that the doctrinal struggles of the Reformation, with all the passionate partiality they produced on both sides, nonetheless promoted a more judicious approach to history: "The conflict kept each side on its toes, making both more scientifically critical." Yet a third theme finds an echo in his warning, in the last and most fragmentary chapter of *The Origins of History*, entitled "The Great Secularisation," that historical writing treating mundane history in a wholly mundane manner does not necessarily denote a secular spirit on the part of its author. Indeed, he raises the question whether Christianity does not provide a clearer version of the facts and the factual setting than the pagan beliefs of the past or the present, and whether there might not be something in the view that links modern science and modern historiography with Christianity, seeing both those features of Western civilization developing out of Christian soil.

The theme of how the Christian historian ought to view the secular realm had always been particularly close to Butterfield's mind and heart, since it was a very personal one, reflecting his own life and experience. The theme of the origins of modern science provided the title for a pioneering set of lectures he delivered in Cambridge in 1948, published to great acclaim during the following year. And the theme of the historiography of the Reformation constituted a crucial part of his *Whig Interpretation of History* (1931), that subtle and ingenious essay of his youth which, though now over half a century old,

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shows no signs of having lost its power to stop in their tracks, even if only momentarily, historians of all ages and persuasions. For it treats—and condemns—the psychological tendency of many historians to look in the past for "roots" and "anticipations" of their own time, and to single out and praise only those personalities and parties who turned out to have been successful in fighting for causes and values dear to the hearts of the twentieth century—in the case of English liberal historians, freedom, progress, toleration, humanitarian reform, democracy.

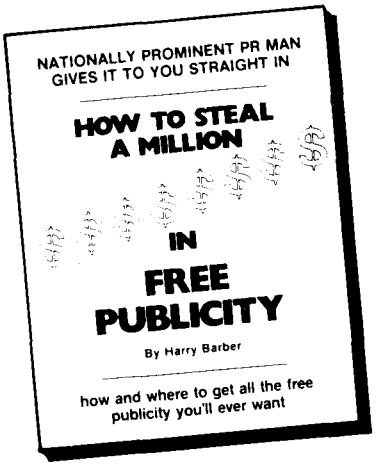
At its crudest, this interpretation saw the past as a Manichaean struggle between the forces of light and those of darkness, with Protestants and Whigs on the "good" side, Catholics and Tories on the "bad." Not surprisingly, the Reformation often proved to be the crux of the matter, with Protestants fighting for the future, Catholics for the past, and Martin Luther cast as the champion and father of libertarianism to whom all gratitude was due. Two years after the appearance of *The Whig Interpretation*, the Nazis came to power in Germany, and some Anglo-American historians found a different role for Luther—as a precursor of Hitler. That, too, was looking at the past through the eyes of the present, though from a very different vantage point and the history it produced was no better. Looking for anticipations of villains can prove just as "Whiggish" as looking for anticipations of heroes.

It was easy to take up arms against such a crude view of things. It was much harder to emphasize, as Butterfield did, the more subtle and insidious ways in which historians—and not just English historians—could be led into a "Whig" interpretation of the past, not so much by actual religious or political party bias, but by the "pathetic fallacy" of abstracting events and ideas from their historical context, and judging them apart from it; stressing the achievements of congenial great individuals and the triumphs of forces that later proved to be agents of enlightenment, rather than the complex process of clash and collision which had marked all great historical movements. In the depiction of that process the losers deserved as much attention and sympathy as the winners. But they rarely got it.

Thus, while (as we learn from *The Origins of History*) the actual struggles of the Reformation had contributed positively to the rise of critical history, looking at those same struggles in retrospect often produced an opposite effect, resulting in history that catered to present preoccupations rather than illuminating the past in its own terms. In order to avoid such misreadings, historians would have done much better if, instead of looking for likenesses to the twentieth century in the sixteenth century, they had regarded Protestants and Catholics of the earlier period as distant and strange, as men whose quarrels were "as unrelated to ourselves as the factions of Blues and Greens in ancient Constantinople."

It is quite clear that Butterfield believed that a Christian historian like himself was particularly qualified to adopt such a distanced approach to history. What he wrote in his last work about Augustine's allowance of a certain autonomy to the realm of mundane events and about the fallacy of assuming that a purely secular approach to the past did not necessarily reflect a secular spirit on the part of the author was, as far as he was concerned, nothing new. In his *History and Human Relations* (1951) he had reminded his readers that "there is in the Christian tradition a healthy regard for the material world, compared with which some of our modern liberals have seemed to savor of Manichaeism." Two years earlier, in his *Christianity and History*, Butterfield had pointed out that the assured Christian could easily undertake empirical research into history, "for, having in his religion the key to his conception of the whole human drama, he can safely embark on a detailed study of mundane events, if only to learn through their inter-connection the ways of Providence." The concluding sentence of that book makes the point even more strongly by enunciating the principle: "Hold to Christ, and for the rest be totally uncommitted."

A scientific view of history (so Butterfield wrote in *History and Human Relations*), arising out of man's habit of reflecting on observable connections between events, was by no means inconsistent with Christianity, which regards the historian as "a person under a certain kind of discipline for the purpose of examining the ways of Providence and the structure of the providential order." Western science itself, after all, had developed in the heart of Christian civilization; and many of the people who developed it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association,

new synchronies of fingertip,
of breath, of sequence,
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whip to a froth, or force
to march in strictly
hierarchical formation

down galleries of sheen, of flux,
cathedral domes that seem to hover
overturned and shaken like a basin
to the noise of voices,
from a rustle to the jostle
of such rush-hour
conglomerations

no loom, no spinneret, no forge, no factor,
no process whatsoever, patent
applied or not applied for,
no five-year formula, no fabric
for which pure imagining,
except thus prompted,
can invent the equal.

AMY CLAMPITT

thought they were glorifying God while doing so. Butterfield went on to recall the seventeenth-century argument that a divine miracle could never be justified unless it could be shown that the world in its normal processes was regular. Certainly, so he wrote in *Man on his Past* (1955), natural scientists must not be presumed to be atheists, merely because they observed the rules of the game and left God out of the argument.

Butterfield delivered his own lectures, entitled *The Origins of Modern Science*, at a time when the subject was far from fashionable and had by no means yet become the major branch of historical study it is today. He had written the lectures, he said, in order to interest the historian in a little science and the scientist in a little history. He himself maintained that the scientific revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, overturning as it did the scientific authority both of the ancient world and the Middle Ages, outshone in importance everything since the rise of Christianity, and reduced both the Renaissance and the Reformation "to the rank of mere episodes, mere internal displacements, within the system of medieval Christendom." For his own part, he was to write in *Man on his Past*, he would like to cry from the house tops that

> the publication of Newton's *Principia* in 1687 is a turning point in history for peoples to whom the Renaissance and Reformation can hardly mean anything at all—peoples among whom the battle of Waterloo would hardly be calculated to produce an echo.

But, apart from the intrinsic importance of the subject, it had other, methodological aspects which clearly interested him because they were analogous to those encountered in the writing of general history.

Thus when we hear him say that it had proved especially useful to learn about the misfires and the mistaken hypotheses of early scientists, and to pursue courses of scientific development which ended in blind alleys, but still had their effect on the progress of science in general, we are reminded of the "losers" in the great ideological and party struggles whom the Whig historians were ignoring at their peril. When he speculates that the most remarkable turns in the current of intellectual fashions, the most fundamental changes in outlook, might in the last resort be referred to an alteration in men's feelings for things, he himself draws the analogy between the possible changes in men's feeling for matter itself in the seventeenth century, and the change in feeling men had had in England a century earlier for the territorial state. Habits of mind were as important for political history as they were for the history of science.

In *Christianity and History*, which appeared in the same year as the lectures on the history of science, Butterfield proceeds quite naturally to draw a parallel between Galileo's doctrine of inertia, which opened the gateway to modern science, but which he could never have seen in its purity, and the Hegelian-Marxist triad of thesis-antithesis-synthesis, which could still be of interest to historians, "even though it were to be shown that no such case ever existed in a state of absolute purity." Certainly, here is yet ar other echo of *The Whig Interpretation*. Might it not sometimes be preferable to try to understand history by means of the triad, rather than to see it invariably in terms of lineal development, of simple, unequivocal progress?

BUTTERFIELD was not averse to the use of occasional autobiographical reminiscence to illustrate some of the points he was making; and those anecdotes not only conjure up the man, but also serve to show that the links between his personal experience and his historical themes were as strong as the links between the themes themselves. When he argues that it was not so extraordinary that in the sixteenth-century students watching dissections would believe the orthodox verities of

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Galen rather than the evidence of their own eyes, he remembers his own physics master at school, a certain Mr. Jones, who was giving a demonstration and who called on a boy named Booth to watch the actual experiment while he, Jones, was doing the mathematics on the blackboard. Booth reported that nothing was happening, to which the master replied, "The liquid is rising in the tube." But the boy persisted in maintaining that nothing at all was going on. "Whereupon Mr. Jones grew red in the face, dashed across the little platform, and boxed his ears." In fact, the liquid was *not* rising in the tube. But the boys were not greatly worried. Great men had performed that experiment in the past, and if their successors couldn't make the answer come out correctly, they were no doubt themselves in the wrong. When, in *History and Human Relations*, Butterfield makes the point that there is a great difference between a good diplomatic historian and a good diplomat, he recalls that he once had to induce the governing body of Peterhouse to try to agree on the color of a new carpet for the college library:

> A person who has had to undertake such a task and who has discovered all the maneuverings, all the delicate tactics, the persuasions, the whole science of give-and-take, that are necessary to get twelve men to agree on the color of a carpet—such a person may be said to have had his first lesson in diplomacy.

In the same volume there is to be found an autobiographical dimension to account for Butterfield's life-long obsession with the dangers of letting the present shape one's view of the past. Before 1919, he remembers, he had been taught the kind of history which saw in the sovereignty of nation-states the culmination of centuries of progress, the very end toward which history was moving. After 1919 history and the textbooks were reshaped, now proving that everything had all the time been advancing toward the League of Nations. Neither use was good history. Both simply served to ratify existing prejudices.

One must take care, nonetheless, not to categorize Butterfield as an enemy, *tout court*, of present-mindedness in any form. There was no doubt that he wished to guard himself and others against the optical illusion that could so easily result from regarding the past through the eyes of the present. On the other hand, he was by no means opposed to making use of those lessons of history that could be derived from an unprejudiced study of it. He was convinced that "technical history" permitted such an unprejudiced approach and could help to build an agreed and cumulative body of facts which could be used to bring greater understanding to the problems and dilemmas of the present.

FOR EXAMPLE, as he wrote in *Christianity and History*, the delusions of messianism were just as strong in the twentieth century as they had been in the sixteenth or, indeed, in biblical times. Messianic slogans like "the dictator as savior," "making the world safe for democracy," or "the four freedoms" had done great harm, and showed reversion to "a primitive messianism not only over two thousand years old, but representing a somewhat inferior version of the ideas of that ancient period." The implication here is that a knowledge of history might have done something to save us from such delusions. History, then, could teach lessons. Not all of them were as uncontroversial as the one that could be learned from the British having helped to install a strong Prussia in the Rhineland after the defeat of Napoleon in 1815, wrongly convinced that it was the French who would always be the aggressors and enemies of mankind. Butterfield's generally neutralist approach to ideological warfare, past and present, put him not only into the camp of those who, since they believed that all men were sinners, could not decide whether Napoleon or Hitler was better or worse in the eyes of eternity; it also led him to argue, in 1951, that the West would have faced the same problems with Russia, even if the czars had still been the rulers of that country.

But not all of those who might have agreed with him on that or who might have shared his conviction, expressed two years before, that the key fact of recent European history was the struggle for a dominating position between Germany and Russia, would necessarily have gone along with his appeal to the Christian to be diffident about believing that the fate of God and all His angels in all the future was going to depend on Russia rather than Germany dominating the Continent in another age of history. *Life* magazine, for one, did not go along. It devoted a special, denunciatory editorial to those lectures on *Christianity, Diplomacy, and War* (1953) in which Butterfield had expressed the opinion just cited. In *Life*'s view, the historian's major premise—that a truly Christian diplomacy must be based on belief in original sin and the universality of guilt, and must therefore play down ideological differences—resulted in myopia toward communism, a dubious faith in Britain's traditional balancing act, and an ill-timed appeal not to be beastly to the Russians.

Butterfield's approach to international politics is probably even more controversial today than it was a generation ago. But he would not have minded that in the least. He did not so much crave agreement on the part of his students or readers, as he wanted to make them think. The more difficult and uncomfortable the problems, the better. He felt that the tough questions had to be asked, both about the past and the present; and he had both the courage and the wit to ask them, never pretending that his were the only possible answers. He also had a dislike for orthodoxy and unqualified generalizations which he was as ready to turn upon himself as upon others. In *Man on His Past*, for example, he wrote that while he personally did not believe that "the

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conflict with the world behind the Iron Curtain should be regarded as the all-important issue for the men of the West at the present time," he was not prepared to write off the map either as villains or fools those who thought that the issue of external relations should be viewed as supreme and decisive.

TWO YEARS later, in *George III and the Historians*, he took to task those students of the eighteenth century in England who, following their mentor, Sir Lewis Namier, concentrated in their histories on underlying political structures rather than the expressed aims of politicians. Butterfield himself, of course, had brilliantly exposed some of the weaknesses of that Whig interpretation which Namier could be said to have laid to rest. But what disturbed him now was not merely the growth of a new, Namierite orthodoxy, but also the tendency, particularly on the part of Namier's disciples, to see eighteenth-century English politics primarily as the play of faction and self-interest. Selfishness, love of place, corruption—these were not sufficient, in Butterfield's view, to explain human behavior. Ideas, ideals, conscious purposes always played a role as well, which had to be taken into account. Furthermore, the Namierites were not always so original as they claimed. Those of us, he wrote, who had spent our lives in combat against the Whig interpretation of history were still perturbed by the way in which the new school treated its predecessors. He called the members of that school "Whigs in reverse."

That line of attack was characteristic of the man who had himself celebrated the value of the Whig interpretation for the English political tradition in lectures he had delivered during World War II and published, in 1944, under the title *The Englishman and His History*. There may have been a good deal wrong with an interpretation of English history that saw a direct and inevitable progression running from the Teutonic idea of freedom to the Magna Carta, the independence of the House of Commons, the constitutional struggles of the seventeenth century, the Reform Act of 1832, and those English liberties the country was fighting for in the World War II—and Butterfield knew better than anyone what was wrong with it. But that vision had helped, along with the common law, to tighten the bonds that held Englishmen to their past, and had produced that consensus on love of precedents, affection for tradition, desire for gradualness of change, and adherence to ancient liberties which had stood England in such good stead in 1940.

When he wrote a new preface to *The Englishman and His History* (1970 edition), Butterfield, who could be as hard on himself as he was on others, called it "comic" and "a museum piece." At the same time, he repeated what he had said a quarter of a century before, that the story of English historical awareness could not be studied merely as the history of a branch of historical scholarship. The story of historical interpretation was connected with the way in which men in general had experienced the past, felt about it, and found themselves committed to it. That conviction informs *The Origins of History* as well. It is hard to believe that it is Butterfield's last book. Whether we always agree with him or not, we shall miss his searching intelligence, his knack for asking the hard questions, his quiet tone of voice, and his forceful pen.

THE JACKANAPES

Mussolini
by Denis Mack Smith

(Knopf, 402 pp., $20)

Denis Mack Smith is an excellent historian. His specialty is Italy. A painter of vast frescoes, he is an authoritative interpreter of political trends, but also a squirrel-like gatherer of mounds of unknown or little-known facts, and a good, clear writer. All his books have become best sellers in Italy. This, of course, is rare. Italians usually disdain *Italianisants*, foreigners who look at their country through distorting glasses and see it either as much better or much worse than it really is. Mack Smith is a very brave, even temerarious man: in his latest work he walks with sure steps through a treacherous minefield and comes out practically unscathed. The vicissitudes in the life of the late Italian dictator and the country he ruled are open to many contradictory interpretations. For those in the know, every paragraph in this book reflects a magistrate's decision among many conflicting versions of the same event.

Mussolini himself did not know who he was, what he wanted, or where he was going. As Mack Smith points out, he was, among other things, an actor who invented and interpreted every role that took his fancy. He managed somehow to be in turn the man each of his interlocutors wanted. He was a *tribunus plebis* on his balcony; a peace-loving humanitarian with American liberal journalists; a man of law and order with older Italian conservatives; a revolutionary with impatient young Italians; a man of violence and blood with his own fringe of terrorists; a monarchist with the king; occasionally a responsible, far-seeing statesman with some foreign ambassador; a *condottiere* eager for war with others; an expert lover of music, art, archaeology, books, sports, and the theater, with musicians, artists, archaeologues, writers, sports champions, actors, and playwrights respectively. He was, of course, seldom convincing with real professionals. Serious people did not trust him and kept their distance as much as possible. They sensed the self-taught man and his makeshift culture. Nevertheless, his versatility and omniscience became legends with the public.

In reality he was an intelligent man sometimes illuminated by brilliant intuitions. He loved to talk fluently and learnedly about something he had read in the encyclopedia or a newspaper that very morning, often in preparation for his visitor. Even his acting was not a very convincing performance for connoisseurs. His old-fashioned posturing and grimacing derived from the style of nineteenth-century grand opera singers in costume and were curiously embarrassing to watch. One sensed the timid and uncertain man behind his gesturing. Ugo Ojetti, a writer and art critic,

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once said: "His face must be aching at the end of the day." Mussolini was also a journalist by profession, but one who did not care for coherence and consistency, the kind who exploits the event of the day for all it's worth and knows that the public has a short memory. Every day he was on the lookout for a startling headline for the front page; whether it agreed with the headlines of previous days did not matter. Mack Smith has managed to describe all these Mussolinis, and to define his fundamental character by studying practically everything written about him, particularly ambassadors' reports, the memoirs written by some of his close collaborators after the war and his death, and many obscure documents. The book's bibliography is intimidatingly vast. Mack Smith has left no stone unturned.

THIS READER (and possibly the author as well) reached one clear conclusion: while Mussolini was a genius for a conquering power in troubled times, he was definitely unsuited to be the leader of a great country. He surrounded himself with mediocre and sometimes corrupt men because he feared good men would discover his weaknesses and he disliked advice from experts, contradiction from anyone, or any kind of open debate. He talked incessantly to his interlocutors and never allowed them to speak. In particular he talked about strategy to his generals (mediocre and flexible men chosen precisely because of their mediocrity and flexibility), believing himself to be a new Napoleon. Finally, his inability to lead a great country is shown by the ultimate results of his twenty-year rule. He looked forward to war, which he believed would temper and harden the people's character and make Italy a great and feared power. When war came he was ludicrously unprepared in the very fields he had been responsible for—so unprepared that he even helped drag his ally to defeat. He is considered by some to be almost as responsible for the Allied victory as any of the Allies themselves.

Undoubtedly, if he had been born in any other country or in Italy in any other era, he would have had a minor role in life, possibly that of a sickly village anarchist, an elementary schoolteacher, a petty bureaucrat, an agitator, or a Bohemian, whom everybody considered slightly demented but occasionally brilliant; he might have been a violent man, who made many enemies but managed to gather a few devoted fanatical followers, and glibly produced illegitimate children with gullible peasant girls. Like most village schoolteachers, he would have contributed a few articles to a local or provincial weekly. He would not have climbed any higher in journalism, since his education was rudimentary and his ideas too extreme. His eloquence (his greatest gift) was so torrential and ornate that he would probably have been asked to speak at country weddings and at some open air political meetings for unsuccessful candidates.

Mussolini became Il Duce only because he was the man Italians craved in the desperate years after World War I. A weak, divided, humiliated, frightened, and unhappy country, Italy had been living a largely make-believe political life for sixty-odd years. The nation had been united in 1860 thanks to the help of a foreign army (the French), and the efforts of an exiguous minority of middle-class Italian patriots. Of the "thousand" volunteers who landed in Marsala in 1860 with Garibaldi and miraculously conquered the Bourbon Kingdom of Naples in a few weeks, more than half were landowners. Others were relatively affluent city people and professional people. One hundred and fifty were doctors. Among the rest of the nonlandowning volunteers, some were lawyers or students and a few were skilled craftsmen. Only one declared himself a *contadino*, a peasant, technically a proletarian.

AFTER THE unification, the country was transformed into a constitutional monarchy with a bicameral system, more or less according to the French model of the Louis Philippe era. The liberal democratic patriots put up a show of making the new institutions work. They wore frock coats, spoke of liberty, made statesmanlike speeches in Parliament. Behind the facade, however, life went on mostly in the old Italian way. The large majority had been hostile to the idea of the *Risorgimento*, or, if not hostile, incredulous. The majority was composed of the clericals, who followed the political leanings of the Church, which had fought the liberal and unifying movement, and of the reactionary lower classes. A fragile equilibrium of sorts had existed for years, each section of the population trusting old customs as far as possible instead of the new laws. The clerics learned to live with the anticlerics, the conservatives with the liberals, the monarchists with the republicans.

The country was proud and poor. Miserliness and prudence governed every family and the state itself. Industry was backward and inadequate. Local capital was insufficient; investments had to come mostly from abroad. World War I revealed in a humiliating way the weakness of the political ruling class, the fragility of the institutions, the deep, irreconcilable divisions among the people, the backwardness of the industry, and the inconsistency of the united country. The war was won thanks to the professionalism of the general staff, to the heroism of the patriots, many of whom volunteered and died, and to the ancient habit of obedience of the stolid peasants, most of whom also died.

Italy was forced to face the flimsiness of the *Risorgimento* structures for the first time after the war, in 1919, when the enlarged electorate sent to Parliament two large groups of deputies, the clericals and the socialists, opponents of the secular, democratic, parliamentary state. The old equilibrium—partly based on the ancient art of living, on incredulous tolerance, on prudence, cunning, hypocrisy, and rhetoric—was definitely destroyed. The old wise ways were shown to be insufficient to settle

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the new problems. Peasants revolted against landowners and workers against industrialists. The socialists successfully promoted chaos, but didn't have the men, the will, or the ideas to complete a real revolution. Nor had they the strength to allow the country to return to normality. Strikes, riots, and economic paralysis were all they were capable of creating.

Added to all this was the humiliation which the Allies did not spare the Italians. Their national shortcomings were clearly and mercilessly exploited by the more solid, industrialized, and wealthy British, French, and Americans. The Italian contributions to the common victory were misunderstood and derided. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* mentioned only one Italian battle in World War I—a defeat, Caporetto. The new American law limiting immigration did not hide the fact that Italians were not particularly wanted. All this, of course, was important only because the Italians, offended by the foreigners' amused contempt, anxiously looked for some way to increase their country's prestige and self-esteem.

People were disoriented by the new problems, divided as to the possible solutions, hurt by the lack of recognition of their sacrifices, frightened by the incipient civil war, by the insecurity of life, and by the future. Italy was a very sick country. It is a well-established fact that sick, divided, humiliated, and desperate people, who are forced to abandon their old, relatively peaceful ways of living but do not find new ones, entrust themselves at times to mad and violent men, to political charlatans. Similar situations were exploited in France by two Napoleons in the nineteenth century and by Hitler in Germany years later. The fanatic schoolteacher Mussolini had been created ad hoc, to exploit this particular Italian crisis. His rhetorical oratory, his humble origins, the charm he could exude when necessary, his lack of principles and common morality, his ignorance of the complexity of problems, his intuitive, flashy intelligence reassured the panicky Italians. All went relatively well as long as he kept the country in peace. War was too much for Mussolini. One cannot win wars with speeches, false communiqués, fake statistics, and banner headlines. He lost.

LUIGI BARZINI

Luigi Barzini is the author of *The Italians* (Atheneum).

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MYSTERIES

That old Chinatown question, "Is it too tough for you?" gets closer and closer to the affirmative in every new spy thriller. Authors, British or American, seem intent on making one thing perfectly clear to the democratic West: that terrorists work according to a very special logic, that in the end virtue cannot triumph, and that the West is unstable, declining, ultimately defenseless. Eric Clark, in *Send in the Lions* (Atheneum, $10.95), has written one of those books that truly does rivet the attention, mount in suspense, and whatever else dust-jacket copy usually promises. An American President is committed to pursuing the SALT III talks; the Russians, who have been using a trapdoor system for all their codes, have been compromised, though by whom is not clear. The Concorde is daringly hijacked, and captors and five hostages disappear into the Algerian desert. An American agent, retired and out of it, is called back: he alone possesses the skills and knowledge to find the hijackers in time, before they discover that they have unwittingly taken a hostage who has the secret that might start World War III. The year is 1985. These are the usual ingredients today of the subgenre thriller about hijackings, and at times the plot is as trite as this summary sounds. But most of the time Clark, long a British journalist, takes an old ingredient—and how quickly new ingredients have become old to us—and provides new seasoning. The result is a disturbing, satisfying, ultimately amoral examination of the modern world's expendables.

Still, it is possible to be even more amoral, and Ralph Peters in *Bravo Romeo* (Richard Marek, $11.95) shows us how. This is Peters's first book; the blurb tells us he has been a rock musician and professional soldier and has lived for five years in Europe. His career shows in his book: he has an acute ear for the jarring sound and the torn image; his antihero's search through Europe (largely in Greece and Germany) for terrorists who have bombed a crowded American PX is one long fingernail on a blackboard. Peters overreaches at times; metaphor jostles simile for attention line after line until one longs for a single paragraph of straight exposition. Still, so many of the passages come off so well that one knows this is a serious writer finding his way into his art by tracking the headlines before he tries to create his own new world. Jack Thorne, poet, survivor of the war in Vietnam, hungry sentimentalist, wants desperately to believe that all the lies are necessary to make all right in the end; he discovers what that end is for those who blindly act even though they do not blindly believe.

James Bond is dead, and John Gardner's second effort to remove the nails from that coffin, though not so dreary nor so silly as the first, is nonetheless very thin gruel. *For Special Services* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $9.95) is exceptionally bad when read, as I have

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just done, back-to-back with Ian Fleming's "From a View to a Kill," a story embedded in *For Your Eyes Only* (which was, alas, published in faraway 1959). The aging Bond is now teamed with Cedar Leiter, daughter of his old friend, and he goes up against a reincarnation (son? daughter? who knows?) of Blofeld in an appalling and sexist, though highly cinematic, confrontation with the usual mix of sadistic cheats in Amarillo and like romantic places. The book is full of one sentence paragraphs—did Fleming ever really write this way?—and obligatory "who'll sleep in the one bedroom, who on the couch" scenes once calculated to titillate fourteen-year-olds. The whole is marked by an appalling cynicism toward the reader; one wonders why Gardner, who has written some perfectly acceptable books of his own, largely modest parodies of the genre, did not study the formulas well enough to understand them.

ROBIN W. WINKS

Robin W. Winks, professor of history at Yale, writes regularly about mysteries for TNR.

BRIEF REVIEW

The Dark Horse
by Rumer Godden

(Viking, 202 pp. $10.95)

Rumer Godden's brand of conservative, romantic piety is linked in her work with compassion for the underdog or outsider, whose redemption is accomplished through Christian love and charity. Along with love, Godden nourishes a healthy respect for craft—her own as a writer and that of the nuns, horse trainers, and other professionals who people her latest novel, set in pre-World War II India.

The dark horse of the title is, first of all, the thoroughbred Dark Invader, whose racing prowess has been undermined by a jockey's casual cruelty. In Dark Invader, Godden sets up a dichotomy between appearance and reality. One observer notes: "The trouble is . . . a splendid conformation's no good without guts. We have to face it. Darkie is a great big beautiful washout." The implication is obvious: the novel's unfolding will determine whether the horse really has the stuff of greatness.

Through Dark Invader a whole pantheon of characters—also underdogs or outsiders—will also have a chance to prove their mettle, to convert themselves from dark horses to winners. Among them are Ted Mullins, an aging "stable lad" and jockey with a weakness for liquor, who longs to ride the horse to victory; John Quillan, a horse trainer who had the bad social grace to marry a Eurasian; and the new owner of Dark Invader, the unorthodox and imperious Mr. Leventine. In the course of the novel, Dark Invader is redeemed by the devotion of these men, and redeems them in return.

Of course, no Godden novel would be complete without an order of nuns—in this case, the Sisters of Poverty, whose mission of distributing food to the starving is salvaged by the sudden appearance of Dark Invader. Their leader is Mother Morag, "a revelation of a nun," not to mention the daughter of a horse dealer. Piety is all very well, Godden suggests, but in this story it helps to know a good piece of horse flesh when you see it.

In weaving her well-told tale, Godden points up the parallels between the equestrian and religious lives. Both are informed by rites and rituals—whether daily prayer or daily grooming—and vivified by an attachment to something outside the individual, human self. If nuns must be practical to survive, so, too, must owners and riders and trainers of horses embrace some species of faith.

As always, Godden writes smoothly, interlacing dialogue and narration. But *The Dark Horse* is a slight work, lacking the narrative richness and complexity that animated previous Godden novels, including her recent *Five for Sorrow, Ten for Joy*. Instead, the book progresses simply—and rather predictably—from beginning to end. Along the way, it teeters perilously near sentimentality—a pitfall Godden has usually avoided by the sheer precision and delicacy of her craft.

In this case, however, she is perhaps misled by an excuse. If the triumph of one dark horse and the Christian transformation of its owner have the ring of the unreal, Godden hastens to remind us that *The Dark Horse* is, in fact, based on a true story, "documented in the official history of The Royal Calcutta Turf Club." Fiction here garbs itself in the seemingly unassailable authority of life.

JULIA M. KLEIN

Julia M. Klein is a Philadelphia writer.

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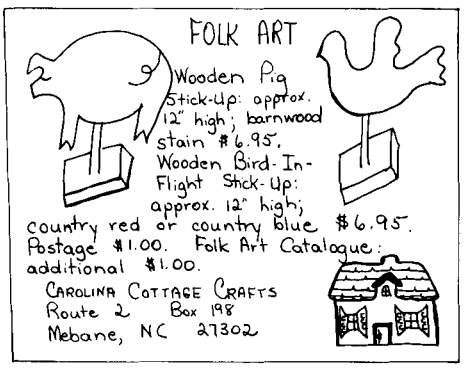
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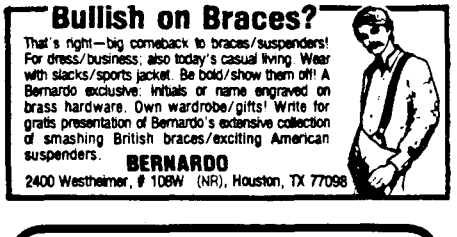
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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Appetites

IF THE ECONOMIC Recovery Tax Act of 1981 will be remembered by tax lobbyists as *la grande bouffe*, the operative metaphor in 1982 is cannibalism. The 1981 tax cut was a lavish spread, and businesses bellied up to the table in high spirits. Congress and the President were giving it away. This year they are taking it back, and, one by one, business groups have begun inviting Congress to slice into someone else's tax breaks. Charls Walker, tax lobbyist extraordinaire, started things off by proposing that Congress postpone some of the tax cuts enacted in 1981—specifically those designated for individual taxpayers. Since Walker's clientele consists of blue-chip corporations striving desperately to hold onto their own tax breaks, his proposal to squeeze individuals instead was not widely acclaimed as an act of chivalry. In March the Business Roundtable, that Arthurian band of boardroom big shots, seconded Walker on delaying the personal tax cuts, though only "as a final option" after wringing every possible dollar from welfare and other profligate social programs. The National Federation of Independent Business did not take kindly to that. NFIB's membership of small retailers and manufacturers includes a lot of unincorporated businesses that pay their taxes on the personal schedule. NFIB countered with a proposal to abolish the new tax leasing provisions created last year, which allow companies (mostly big, capital-intensive firms) to sell their unused tax breaks to other companies in need of shelter. For their part, some of the firms that indulge in these leasing deals—General Electric and others in the steel, airline, and auto-making outfits—have been quietly floating the idea of a corporate surtax, a few percentage points on top of every company's normal tax bill. Thanks to leasing and other shelters, most of these firms have little tax liability anyway, and thus little to lose from a surcharge. The surcharge would hit companies that already pay a high tax rate, such as retailers and wholesalers, food producers, and certain manufacturers. In May the National Association of Wholesaler-Distributors shot back by endorsing a corporate minimum tax. This would extract at least a token tax from firms that now are untaxed owing to a bleak balance sheet or the skillful use of tax preferences. (The minimum tax idea originated, of all places, with the Reagan Administration, which is eager to dispel the perception that it caters only to fat cats.) Wholesaler lobbyist Dirk Van Dongen acknowledged that proposing cuts in the tax benefits of rival business interests is considered bad manners in the chummy community of corporate lobbyists. But, Van Dongen said, "We didn't start the cannibalization process." It's a lobbyist-eat-lobbyist world.

A TAX LOBBYIST recently sent me excerpts from two biographies of Boies Penrose, a Republican who represented Pennsylvania in the Senate from 1897 to 1921. The lobbyist sent them as evidence that however gluttonous public officials seem these days, they have been worse. Penrose is portrayed by his biographers as almost a physical caricature of corruption. He weighed in at 350 pounds, too corpulent for the standard Senate furniture. So a special divan was installed for him in the rear of the Senate chamber, from which, George Thayer writes, "he sat toadlike for many hours during Senate sessions directing his affairs." Robert Douglas Bowden writes, in a Penrose biography subtitled *Symbol of an Era*, "He chose to follow his appetites and let them absorb what they would." His lurid eating habits were legendary. Bowden attributes the following account to a Pennsylvania Democratic representative, James Washington Logue: "Senator Penrose drank nine cocktails and five highballs and then called for food. The meal covered a wide range of foodstuffs, the feature of which was a huge chafing dish of reed birds—twenty-six birds by actual count. Spurning the plate that the waiter offered him, Penrose pulled the chafing dish to him and planting his elbows firmly on the table proceeded to consume the twenty-six. Working with both hands—left, right, left, right—and seizing them by the legs, he devoured the creatures without a pause except occasionally to shoot three fingers of bourbon. The last bird gone, he called for a large spoon with which he ate the thick bed of wild rice on which they rested. Then drinking a bowl of gravy, and doubtless feeling better, the Senator turned to other dishes." Penrose, an indefatigable fundraiser for the Republican Party, is credited with developing several extortionate techniques for extracting donations from well-heeled benefactors. One was to threaten a corporate executive with devastating legislative consequences—a confiscatory tax bill, for instance—if his industry did not pay up. The technique was called "frying the fat."

WHAT WOULD PENROSE have made of the article in the April *Washingtonian* magazine, "The Power Lunch Game"? "Power lunching," for the enlightenment of those in the lunch-bucket league, is the notion that you are not what you eat, but where you eat, and with whom you are seen to eat. As *Washingtonian* describes it, power lunching is reminiscent of Louis XIV's practice of inviting members of the court to watch him go to bed. A sidebar, "The Etiquette of Power Lunches," advises that modern power-lunchers forswear a Penrosian feed for lighter fare, washed down with white wine or Perrier. "Stuffing yourself at midday signals you needn't preserve yourself for a productive afternoon." But more important than your selection from the menu is to get the right (i.e., visible) table at the right (i.e., fashionable) restaurant, preferably with the right (i.e., someone on *Washingtonian*'s list of "The 100 Most Influential People in Washington," disclosed in February) partner. *Washingtonian* cannot get you a lunch date with James Baker, but it does helpfully list the currently desirable places for power lunch, even including a numbered seating chart for the top-rated Maison Blanche. "VIPs like tables 14 through 17, but you can survey the room from 9, 10 and 11. Avoid 12, tucked in a corner." Charls Walker is one of the regulars here. Most days you will find him at one of the VIP tables, trying to keep his clients from being fed to the insatiable revenuers.

BILL KELLER

Bill Keller is a reporter for *Congressional Quarterly* magazine.

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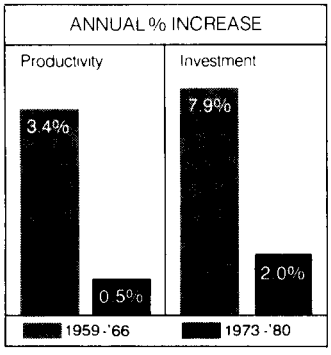
It died of unnatural causes.

Too many factories in too many American cities are dying. Unnecessarily and prematurely. They are the products of an unproductive economy. Our economy.

Not long ago, we all thought it just couldn't happen here.

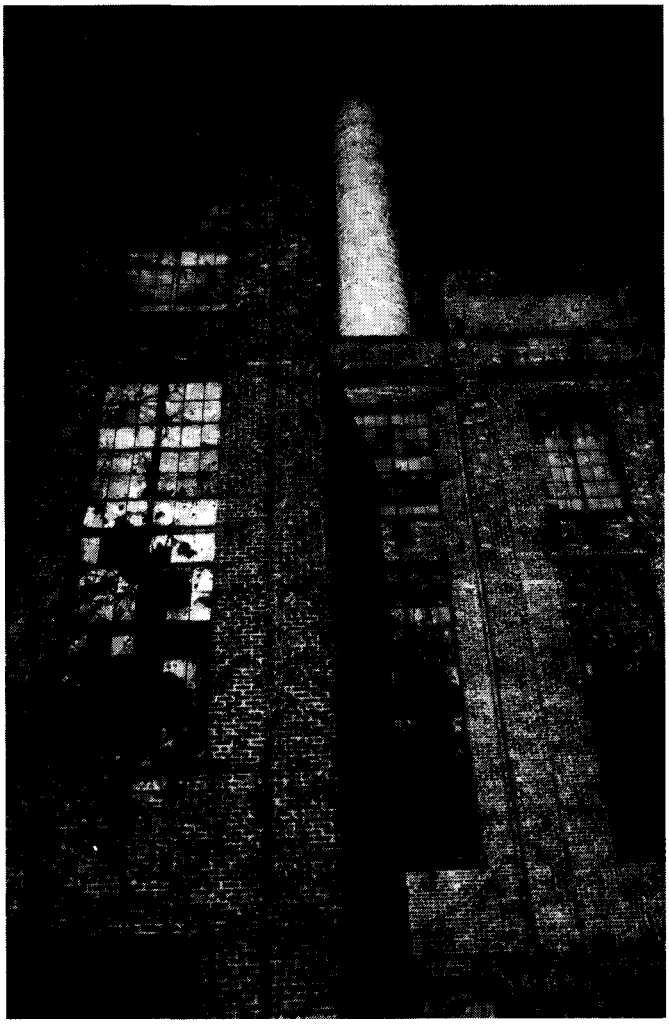
The fact is, however, that the United States has the highest percentage of obsolete plants, the lowest percentage of capital investment and the lowest growth of productivity of any major industrial country.

That didn't happen overnight, of course. This chart points out just how much, and how rapidly, our economy has declined:



Comparing the early 60's with the late 70's, America's average annual growth in productivity was lower by 85%. Allowing for inflation, real investment growth in plants, machinery and equipment dropped by 74%.

No one can expect labor to produce without tools. But since 1975, there's been a steady decline in the amount of capital per worker in this country.

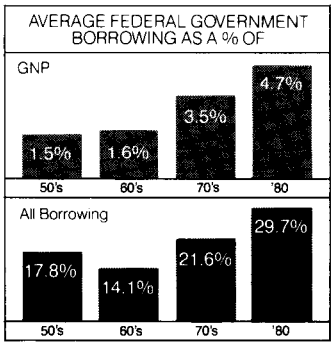


A close examination of our economic illness points to one major cause: An overdose of government.

Ever increasing levels of government spending and borrowing have squeezed productive industry out of credit markets.

Without credit, businesses cannot buy the plant and equipment they need to expand and increase their productivity.

This chart shows the growing impact of government borrowing as a percentage of GNP and of total borrowing over a thirty-year period:



As the government expanded its borrowing, private industry cut back. To reverse this trend, growth in government spending must be slowed in the years ahead.

Hidden in all these statistics are countless human losses: Lost jobs, lost incomes–lost dreams.

We're W.R. Grace & Co., a $6½ billion company producing chemicals, natural resources and consumer products. Even though our interests are worldwide, we consider the loss of any American industry a death in the family. And we believe we all have a responsibility to revive productivity at home. To do that, we must invest.

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And now, by cutting taxes, eliminating excess regulation and by providing the impetus to reduce the size of the federal government, President Reagan has supplied us all with new incentives. We must make the most of them immediately.

The drive and dreams that first built America's factories are needed now to unlock a productive future for our nation. And each of us holds the key.

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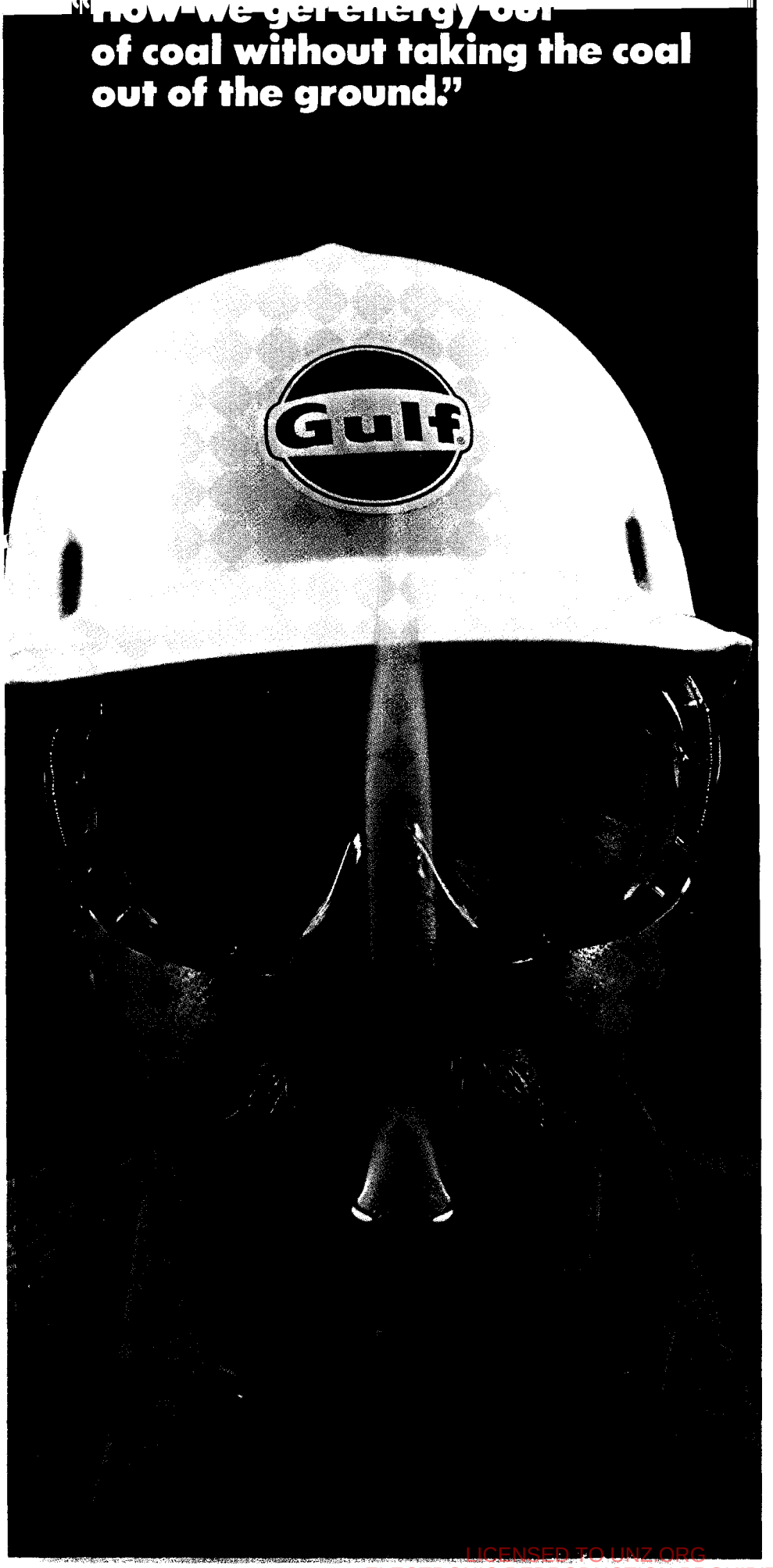
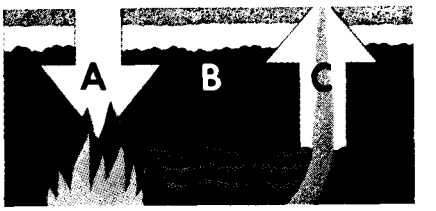
"How we get energy out of coal without taking the coal out of the ground."



"A lot of coal in America—millions of tons, in fact—is too deep or too slanted to be mined by any conventional techniques," says Gulf Engineer Jerry Daniel. "At Gulf, we're working with the Department



Air through injection well supports combustion of coal at A, fire heats coal at B, which produces gas recovered through production well, C.

of Energy on a way to extract the energy from that coal without mining it. We drill an injection well to set fire to the coal. By burning some of the coal, we heat up the rest, which causes it to produce gas. That's why it's called underground coal gasification.

"We had a test burn here in Rawlins, Wyoming, late in 1979, and we're setting up another one. Our hope is that by 1990, industry will be able to use this kind of synthetic gas, which of course will make us less dependent on expensive imported crude oil as an energy source.

"At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we can out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a lot of other good ideas, too. Underground coal gasification is one of them; and we're working with synthetic fuels, tar sands, geothermal energy, and other alternative energy sources.

"Overall, you might say that the business we're really in is the business of energy for tomorrow."

Gulf

Gulf people:
energy for tomorrow.

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"Someday we may use gas from coal the way we now use natural gas."

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